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FAREWELL.

BY W. M. A.

So, this is the end of the bright, bright dream,
That so long has bound us together,
Through all the varied scenes of life,
In sunshine and stormy weather.

'Tis past, and the love I have felt for you
I know I shall ne'er feel again,
For better were death, than to find you false,
And to wake to this bitter pain.

Still, I wish you no evil, no word of mine
Shall add to your sorrow here.
But, if as you glide down the path of time,
You sigh for a word of cheer,

Perhaps you'll think of the hearts you left,
Of those who had loved you well,
But who now look upon you as one who's dead,
So, farewell—a long farewell.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

I AM sure he is in league with his daughters.

They have surreptitious meetings, at which there is always a great deal of talking and giggling—for naturally he is, I think, a merry little man—and much hugging, to the detriment of his wonderful shirt-collars and cravat, which his daughters are always careful to straighten out and arrange afterwards.

Yesterday there was consternation in the study upon Edith's producing a small packet and whispering in a tone of terror, "Pa's gone without his parsley!"

And it was explained to me that on the second and fourth Mondays in each month Mr. Gower attended a general meeting which kept him from home until a late hour, and that on these occasions he invariably provided himself with a small quantity of parsley to eat on his way home that Mrs. Gower might not discover he had been smoking.

August 7.

I think I am growing callous, like the girls.

Looking back to my last entry, I am humiliated to think how speedily my scruples have forsaken me.

Far from forbidding the girls to visit me clandestinely in my room, I look forward to their coming with feelings of pleasure; and I believe that it would grieve me more than it would them to be deprived of the stolen meeting.

I did not think I should miss my liberty so much, or find the services of a teacher so difficult to perform.

The mechanical regularity with which everything in this house is done, the absence of variety, the restrictions put upon one's most harmless impulses, the monotony of life, is so different from all that I have been accustomed to that I seem crushed and stifled.

The heat oppresses me; the least rebuke from Mrs. Gower weighs upon my mind.

I am ill and sick at heart, struggling under a burden that I am not strong enough to carry.

Oh for a day's liberty among the rocks and streams of Neuilbourg!

Oh for one hour upon the sea! He knew me better than I knew myself.

He saw that I was only a weak, foolish girl, not brave enough to be the wife of a strong determined man, with no power to face the hardships which give a zest to his life.

And he did the best he could for me, and went his way.

I shall never see him again; I feel sure of that.

And now I begin to see what a fool I was to flatter myself with hopes, and how wildly impossible those hopes were. I suppose it is the knowledge that I shall see him no more that makes me cling so closely to the girls.

They are all in all to me now. I think of them when I awake.

I dress quickly that I may go down and meet them.

I am loath to let them go from me at night time.

I cannot live without loving some one. Yet it is not many weeks since we have parted.

He might yet write to me. Who knows but that one day he may drive up to the house and ask for me?

Oh, I must not write thus—I must not think of that!

August 8.

This morning, while Mrs. Gower was scolding the new cook, I went into the breakfast-room and found Mr. Gower alone. We have long been good friends.

I stood upon my dignity two days, I think, and then it gave way.

He shook hands with me, and said something about my looking less pale than usual—I hardly know what.

This opportunity suggested a thought to my mind which brought the hot blood up into my face.

"Mr. Gower," I said in a low faltering voice, "will you tell me, please, if you have seen Mr. Brown lately—Mr. John Brown?"

"Which Mr. John Brown?" he asked. "There's such a lot of 'em."

"John Brown whom you shook hands with outside the bank a few days before I came here."

He looked down at his boots, and drew his chin once or twice between his thumb and forefinger before he spoke.

"John Brown, John Brown?" he said reflectively; then, raising his head, he added, looking at me with his twinkling gray eyes somewhat evasively, "Upon my word, I don't remember shaking hands with any one of that name!"

August 13.

We are going into the country for a month!

The girls brought the joyful news to me when they came up to-night, and we have indulged our fancies in the maddest, hopefulest schemes for this real holiday.

Mrs. Gower is going to-morrow to see her daughter, and make inquiries respecting a house at Great Marlow, which, I find on the map, is situated upon the Thames, and not very far from Moukden Abbey, where Lady Linton lives.

But what makes the prospect of going there enchanting to me is that Marlow is not a great distance from Pangbourne, where I spent the happiest hours in all my life.

Oh, if I can only go there and look at the dear little inn, and the window where we stood looking into each other's eyes that morning.

The girls hope that Mrs. Gower will not find a house; they want to go to the seaside.

"Ah, you do not know how beautiful the Thames is!" I said, forgetting my secret.

"Do you?" asked Maud quickly.

"I—I went one day before I came here."

"Oh, you deep, quiet, sly ducky! You've never said a word about it!"

"Look at ducky's cheeks! Oh, you naughty ducky!"

"Well, it's no secret now! I suppose we can speak about it before mamma?"

At this I started up, and the blood left my face.

They all laughed.

"I knew it!" cried Edith, clapping her hands. "I told you so! I was sure such a dear, loving, pretty girl must have a sweetheart! I've seen how you start when the postman knocks at the door. You are expecting a letter!"

Expecting a letter! Oh, that brought me back to my senses, and made me feel how it would wring my heart to look upon the river without him!

I covered my face with my hands to hide the cruel convulsion of my face and the tears that started from my eyes.

The girls were silent in a moment, and kissed my hands and brow, and soothed me with tender words of comfort and regret for the pain their inadvertency had given me.

August 15.

There is no one to teach this afternoon. Mr. Gower has taken his four daughters to a morning performance at the Gaiety Theatre.

He invited me to go also, and the elder girls were unceasing in their endeavors to persuade me to be one of the party.

I am sure they were really grieved by my refusal, assuring me that Gwenny would be equal to the occasion if Mrs. Gower made inquiries, and that there was no fear of the servants betraying the secret—for of course this expedition is to be kept secret.

But, much as I wished to go, I felt that this was a load I dared not take upon my conscience, which is already heavily weighted.

Mrs. Gower had hardly left the house yesterday before the girls gave vent to their exuberant delight.

Beatrice threw her book up into the air, with a scream of joy, as Gwenny reported from her post of observation behind the curtain that "ma" was off, and running to the piano, played a waltz which I had heard boys in the street whistling, but which, or the like of which, I imagine, had never before been heard in Gauntly House; after which she played and sang to the accompaniment something about her being the "Mash of a masher named Johnnie."

Where she learnt the words or how I cannot tell.

Edith caught me by the waist and whisked me round the room almost faster than my feet could move; and Maud did the same with Gwendoline, though not before the child had stipulated upon being paid in chocolate for her submission.

Beatrice and Maud both danced with me in turn, and declared I was the lightest and nicest little dancer that ever was.

Then we all went into the drawing-room and Edith pulled back the curtains and flung open the windows, which were always kept closed; and we went out on to the little iron balcony to look out for "pa," who had gone with "ma" to the railway-station.

Whenever any one passed upon the pavement below, one or other of them would cough loudly; and then they drew back and hid themselves, tittering and giggling like mad things because they had made the passer look up.

I felt very much ashamed, when, after being coughed at, a young man caught sight of one of us, and did nothing but walk up and down before the house, casting his eyes up at the window, for the next half-hour.

But the girls enjoyed it immensely, and, glancing at him through the curtains, made remarks about his personal appearance quite loud enough to catch his ear, I thought.

When Mr. Gower came back, they all rushed down-stairs, and, catching hold of him, danced him about the vestibule until, from laughing heartily, he became quite cross as he lost his breath and saw his hat being kicked about on the floor.

"Look here—you know," he cried; "I ought to be at the bank! That's the only hat your ma's left out, look at it!"

Then, putting his cravat, which had been forced round under his ear, into its proper place, he added—

"Now I shall have to go up-stairs and change my collar! It's stupid, Edith—it's confounded stupid!"

At this they all exclaimed "Oh!" in mock horror, and stood regarding him in silence as he brushed his hat tenderly with his sleeve.

He tried to look cross; but presently his shoulders shook, and he gave a short chuckle.

Then, assuming as serious a look as he could put on when the girls burst into laughter, he said—

"Now look here! You know, gals, there is no time to lose! What about dinner?"

"You'll bring some one home with you, of course?"

"Yes, I shall look up Baskerville and Lawson and Hedges."

"And Tom Langham?"

"Oh, I booked him yesterday! That makes five—just enough for loo."

"Oh, no cards!" exclaimed the three girls with one voice.

"You don't suppose a set of married men wants to be sitting about talking nonsense with you girls all the evening, do you? A likely thing! Cards at eight. You can look on till ten; then off you go."

"You'll have to take us out to-morrow."

"Where do you want to go?"

"There's a morning performance at the Gaiety—we want to go there; and afterwards you must take us to dine somewhere."

Mr. Gower made some strange noises with his teeth and tongue—a habit of his when Mrs. Gower was not at hand to correct him—and finally consented to their arrangement.

After some discussion as to the dinner, he kissed his girls, and me as well, and departed, promising to call upon the tradesmen and have the "eatables and drinkables" sent home.

And all the day there were preparations for the approaching feast.

The excitement spread to the kitchens as baskets of fish and poultry, and fruit, and delicate vegetables, and wines and spirits arrived one after the other, and were carried down by the girls to the larder.

Never was such plenty seen below-stairs in their time!

The cook, with her sleeves turned up over her elbows, went about her business scolding every one; but she was as pleased as any.

I looked on with fear and trembling, feeling like a peasant that has been drawn into a conspiracy to overthrow a state.

"Five o'clock!" exclaimed Edith. "It's time we dressed. Come along, ducky."

What was I to do?

I suppose that question appeared in the expression of my face.

"Of course you're going to dine with us. No horrid old study to-day," said one.

"I should think not. Why, you didn't think we were going to leave you out?"

"But," I faltered.

"Oh, rubbish! If you don't dine with the rest, I won't," said Maud.

"Then both of you may starve before I will bring a single nice thing to you," said Beatrice.

"Oh, come along, ducky? For Heaven's sake don't be a goose!"

They hurried me up-stairs and insisted upon my wearing a pair of silk stockings that were produced with others from a secret store which had escaped the piercing and far-seeing eyes of Mrs. Gower, and a pair of bracelets that their brother-in-law

Sir Linton had given Beatrice on her birthday.

When I was dressed, and my hair arranged as Maud suggested, they made me stand a little distance from them, and declared that I looked like a little princess, of that kind one reads of in story.

Their compliments and praise quite turned my head; and from that time until the end of the evening I lost sight of every scruple, and thought only of supporting the character they had given me by being as nice and agreeable as I possibly could be.

The gentlemen were very attentive to me and I think I managed to bear my part in conversation as brightly as one so little used to society might.

But, seeing that the attentions of Mr. Langham, the only unmarried gentleman in the room, made the sisters a little quiet and jealous, despite their sweet dispositions I did my best to shake him off by saying as little as I possibly could in reply to his questions and observations.

Mr. Gower made me sit beside him at dinner, and Doctor Baskerville sat on the other side of me, and were exceedingly gay.

Then the champagne corks flew out with a report just like the corks from old bottled cider, and the laughter and noise grew louder and louder, when suddenly Beatrice in the midst of a reply, stopped quite short, and held up her finger with a look of terror as if she had heard something.

We were all silent a moment.

The girls looked at each other, biting their lower lips.

Mr. Gower let his knife fall upon the ground, and, with his hands hanging loose by his side, glanced from one daughter to the other in speechless inquiry.

Beatrice rose and slipped out of the room.

"It was her knock!" whispered Edith across the table.

Mr. Gower's face, which had been very red indeed, was now a kind of slaty drab, beaded above the temples with drops of perspiration.

He sat looking fixedly at the end door in silence, only his breath sounded like the escape of wind from a pair of broken bellows, as it came up through his short throat.

It seemed a long while as we sat there in terrible suspense.

We heard the bang of the street door and the sound of a voice below, and, soon after, the folding-doors at the side opening, Beatrice entered silently and swiftly.

"Ma!" she whispered. "She mustn't come in here and see. Oh, pa dear, go outside and stop her! She's coming up—she must be outside now!"

Mr. Gower gave a glance of frantic despair at the table piled with fruit and confections, and studded here and there with a champagne-bottle; then he looked at his children as a man might look upon the drowning family in the last extremity, and rose.

"There's no help for it," he muttered. "I'll have it out with the old——"

He walked down the room with a determined step, and we were all watching him as he opened the door.

Then the girls burst into a scream of laughter, for there in the doorway Beatrice had hung the faience cockatoo.

It was a rather cruel practical joke, and it was a long time before Mr. Gower could join in the general mirth.

Every now and then he would shake his head abstractedly and mutter, "Confounded cockatoo!" after which he invariably filled his glass with champagne and emptied it.

I am sure he must have drunk more than a whole bottle.

When the dinner was over, Edith brought a box of cigars; and Maud, having left the room for a minute, returned with an epergne full of parsley, which she set down before her father.

They had no kind of respect for his paternal dignity, and he seemed to enjoy their jokes at his expense fully as much as they; and, though he at times appeared to be offended by their want of respect, his severity never lasted many minutes, and invariably ended in a shaking of his broad shoulders and a little fat chuckle.

The card-table, which I had never seen used, was opened, and the gentlemen sat down to play, Mr. Gower producing two new packs of cards from his pocket.

He showed himself so dexterous in using them, and so familiar with the game they played, that I imagine he must play cards at the "board-meetings" he attends so regularly, especially as he referred to his "confounded luck" last Monday, which was the day of the last meeting.

A great deal of money changed hands; and at one time Mr. Gower had to put into the pool—and it was swept into the pockets of his friends the next round—more than would have paid my salary for two years. When we were tired of watching the game, and almost suffocated with the smoke—for as soon as one cigar was burnt out they lit another—we girls went to bed, it being decided by lot that I should sleep with Edith in her room.

But we sat laughing and talking for more than an hour before the other girls went to their rooms, and then we did not see the last of them, for about five minutes afterwards Beatrice and Maud came giggling back to tell us that they had hidden Mr. Langham's hat, and that we had better keep awake in order to see what a fine bit of fun it would be when he wanted to go home.

Edith did her best to keep awake and to keep me awake also.

She talked almost without ceasing until the clock struck two, and she was still talking when I fell asleep.

I woke with I know not what confused notions, hearing a loud knocking at the door.

"Don't move!" whispered Edith. "It's pa. Pretend to snore."

"Edith! Don't you hear me? Edith!" cried Mr. Gower, shaking the handle and kicking the door.

Edith snored, while I tried to make out what it all meant.

"Where's Tom's hat? Edith! I'm not joking. Where's Tom's hat, Edith?"

Then I heard Mr. Langham's voice calling up the stairs; and Mr. Gower, replying cried—

"Confound it all, Tom, don't be a fool! That's the only hat I've got! What am I to go to the bank in?"

Then we heard him hammering at Maud's door and calling her in vain, and then the same thing was repeated at Beatrice's door, while between he kept expostulating with Mr. Langham below.

"For Heaven's sake don't take that hat, Tom! What's the good of yours? I can't go to bank in a billycock. Wait a moment. The girls know where it is, if I can only make 'em hear. Maud! Beatrice! Edith! You've hid Tom's hat, and he's gone off with mine. Where is it? Quick! ——and ——"—here two words which I do not think are proper to write here. "This is no joke! I'm angry I. It's stoopid—it's confounded stoopid!"

Mr. Langham did take Mr. Gower's hat; and this morning the poor man was compelled to go off in the one Beatrice had hidden, to the exuberant mirth of his daughters and the tittering of the servants, who were looking down from the landing on the stairs.

Indeed I myself could not keep a respectfully grave countenance, for it would be difficult to imagine a more ludicrous spectacle than he presented—a stumpy stout gentleman, with a short throat, dressed in speechless and glossy black cloth, with immaculate linen and dark gloves, and a little round gray felt hat perched on the top of his head, and so much too small that, tilt it how he would, a rim of bald head would show beneath the narrow brim.

He protested that he would not take the girls to the theatre; but they did not for a moment believe him, and showed their faith in his forgiveness by being all ready to start for the theatre when he came in a brand-new hat to fetch them.

The poor gentleman looks very yellow and unwell to-day.

Beatrice said he drank too much last night.

I can hardly think that, for he was so thirsty this morning that he drank three bottles of soda-water before breakfast.

Oh, what a dreadful condition the drawing-room was in this morning, with cigar-ash and stumps of cigar everywhere, and an unpleasant smell of smoke which clings to the room, though the windows and doors have been kept wide open! I fear Mrs. Gower is sure to smell it when she returns on Monday.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED—EXTRACTS.

SEPTEMBER 10—Marlow.

This has been what Edith calls a "Camden Square day," and the first of the kind happily since we left London.

The rain kept us within doors all the morning, and, after luncheon, when the sun peeped out and encouraged us to hope for a walk, visitors arrived and stayed until the rain fell again and doomed us to confinement for the rest of the day.

The visitors were Mrs. Robinson, her daughters, and a friend whom she brought to introduce to Mrs. Gower, a rather nervous, excitable, "gushing" lady whose manner contrasted strongly with the sculptural deportment—I am falling into Edith's way of expressing ideas—of Mrs. Robinson's five daughters.

Poor thing!

She mistook me for a daughter of Mrs. Gower, and was on the point of embracing me, after a warm compliment to my looks, when she was informed that I was only the French Governess.

It was quite amusing to see how confused she was, and how eager to apologize to Mrs. Gower for the mistake she had made.

Mrs. Robinson, in common with most of Mrs. Gower's acquaintances, adopts a patronizing, somewhat contemptuous tone in speaking to me or in referring to any one beneath herself in social standing.

I think I rank a little higher than the housemaid and a little lower than the butcher's wife.

At a sign from Mrs. Gower I left the drawing-room and retired to the breakfast-parlors, where I sat reading and musing in solitude until the visitors had gone and the girls came to me.

"Oh, aren't they horrid, those Robinson girls?" exclaimed Beatrice, in an undertone, for experience has told them that the walls of this villa are dangerously thin.

"Hateful! Only think of that eldest thing sitting down to the piano with her bonnet on to play! Who wanted to hear her?"

"She only did it to show off."

"That's all fantasias are composed for, I believe," Beatrice observed, in her emphatic way.

"I'm not surprised that gentlemen slip out of the room as quickly as they can when they see a girl sit down before a piece of music with a flourishy cover. It's no wonder they never talk of us as if we were rational beings! They must think we have not a grain of sense, nor feeling either, to give so much time to learning a thing no one on earth cares for?"

I thought of John Brown and his antipathies.

"Shouldn't think the Robinsons played anything but fantasias. I don't want to go to their pic-nic."

"I don't know why they asked us. We're not at all in their way."

"Oh, it's just for the sake of asking us before their friends how dear Lady Linton is, and whether we have been lately to Monkden Abbey! Haven't you noticed, ducky, how every single acquaintance that comes to see ma asks after Lady Linton and the Abbey in the conversation, to show that she was on visiting-terms with the mother-in-law of a baronet?"

"I don't see much advantage in that," said I.

"But there is, you may be sure, in the miserable genteel little world we live in, where every one is craving to be thought a little higher than she is."

"I suppose that sort of ambition is not confined to our set," said Beatrice. "Isn't Jane down-stairs always talking about her uncle who is captain of a penny steamer, and doesn't that poor curate's wife always lead the conversation up to her god-father, the Bishop of Tabago?"

"I dare say Trix is right. But the meanness of our class of society does seem the meanest meanness of all. Just think what a lot of people ma knows! And there's not one in the whole gang who cares a cent for her!"

"I don't see how they can. What is there in ma to like? She's not witty and she's not wise, and she doesn't always give herself the trouble to be complacent."

"And yet, for all that, people cling to her—pay formal visits, and sit talking about nothing at all, with an uncomfortable simper, by the hour together, and now and then go to the expense of giving a party, to the hearty disgust of every one invited, for no purpose at all but to talk about Lady Linton's manners to their envious friends afterwards."

"That's not all. You may be sure there's a lot of talk about Elgitha that we never hear.

"People must wonder what's the matter with her—why she never leaves the Abbey and why Gilbert never receives visitors. Fancy how delighted any one would be if she could pump a little information on that subject out of ma!"

"She'd have reason to be proud of her own ability if she succeeded," said Maud drily.

"What ails Elgitha? Do you know, Gwenny?" asked Edith.

Gwendoline, sitting with her elbows on her knees and her sallow little head in her hands, shook her head.

Behind Edith's back the two elder girls glanced at each other in a significant manner which I failed to comprehend; and then Beatrice, going to the window, changed the subject.

In the evening Mrs. Gower set the girls to prepare some lessons for the morrow, and gave me some material to make up into a matinee for Gwendoline.

I think we were all glad when the day came to an end, I, for my part, feeling in an ill-humor with Mrs. Gower and her friends and things in general.

I know not why, but this feeling of dissatisfaction is growing upon me.

At first I thought it resulted from change of habits.

I believed it would pass away as I became accustomed to the restrictions of my position.

I hoped also that learning Italian in my leisure would chase certain thoughts and memories from my mind, and that the change of scene and improvement in physical health resulting from a return to country life and pure air would restore my vivacity and strengthen my courage.

But all my hopes and expectations are reversed.

I am so reconciled to my condition as a teacher that I can think of no occupation I should prefer—indeed it would grieve me to separate from the girls who love me so well.

My health is better; I do not suffer from headache as I did in Camden Square; I am strong.

I sit down to Italian the moment I am free, and yet——

Oh, I am miserable.

An under-current of thought flows through my mind, and I cannot check it. Even while the girls are reading and I am looking out for faults in pronunciations.

As I sew I repeat mechanically the Italian verb I am learning; but the measure of the words recalls the lapping of the little waves against the side of John Brown's ship.

I cannot forget, and the failure of my constant efforts is maddening in its persistency.

I have taken the subject and fought with it like an enemy who will not be shunned.

I have proved to myself that I was a fool to think that John Brown would ever seek me out, or that he cared for me sufficiently to write to me.

That every act of kindness on his part was avoidable.

That his conduct is affectionate, but not passionate.

That his conduct showed a strong desire not to fall in love with me.

That, if he had the emotions and feelings of ordinary men, such as the girls are continually talking about, he would have taken advantage of my simplicity and ignorance, and "spooned awfully" as long as ever he could, and with very little care for the result to me.

No.

It is not for want of looking at this matter fairly and reasoning out freely that I still think of him. I know he does not love me.

I know that, if we meet again, it will be by accident, and that he will have no deeper feeling for me than a kind of affectionate pity for my simplicity and philanthropic hope that I can grow wiser.

I know all this, and yet—yet—I love him and my heart is breaking with hopeless longing.

September 14.

I am to go with Mrs. Gower to the Abbey to-morrow.

Mr. Gower will stay here until Tuesday and proposes to take the girls for a row. He suggested in a timid faltering way that I should go with the girls, "to look after 'em a bit, you know, my dear."

But Mrs. Gower, on my behalf, declined very coldly.

I think she has some suspicion that her husband is kinder to me than she thinks one in my position deserves.

Perhaps she suspects that, if she left me at home, the girls and Mr. Gower would take me out clandestinely—as they certainly intended to do—and so forces this honor of visiting Lady Linton upon me.

Gwendoline may have found it necessary to warn her mamma of this in order to avert her suspicion from some greater danger.

That seems more probable, as I learn that Mr. Langham and Doctor Baskerville are to meet the party, and that a luncheon with champagne is to be taken under the Quarry beeches.

September 15.

We went to Monkden Abbey in a closed carriage, Mrs. Gower and I.

I remember that; and, now that I have started with a fact, others present themselves through the mist that seems to have risen before my memory.

Monkden Abbey is a very beautiful old building in red brick, standing not far from the river, but screened from it by a long avenue of great oaks.

A hill covered with fir rises behind it, forming a dark background that displays the outline of the building to great advantage.

A thin line of smoke rising from one of the twisted chimneys looked a pale blue by contrast with the dark green of the firs.

From the avenue of oaks the carriage-drive curves round to the chief entrance of the Abbey through a beautiful smooth lawn patched here and there with beds of brilliant geraniums and calceolarias.

There is a fine flight of broad steps to the great door, which is in the centre of the building between the two short wings.

It seemed to me that people must be very grand and proud who lived in such a magnificent house; and it was less strange that people should be proud to know the mother of the lady who owned it, albeit she was only, as Edith says, "the wife of a baronet; and a baronet isn't much."

A servant came down to the carriage door as we stopped, and, as he opened it said respectfully, and yet in a tone that seemed to convey a warning—

"Sir Gilbert is not at home madam."

"I have come to see Lady Linton, not Sir Gilbert," replied Mrs. Gower haughtily.

"Sir Gilbert instructed me to say that that no visitor except you was to see my lady."

Mrs. Gower, without noticing this observation, made a sign to me to follow her, and ascended the steps.

In the hall she pointed to an open door, and told me to go into the room and await her return; then, turning to the servant, she ordered him to conduct her to her daughter's room.

I went into the room and waited there like a mouse, wondering at the magnificence of everything I saw.

The only thing not grand in the room was a fishing-rod that lay on the table. I do not remember what I thought about or how long I stayed there.

A female servant brought some luncheon telling me that her ladyship had desired her to bring it to me, and asking if I would go upstairs and remove my things. I ate a little cold chicken, but not much, being greatly awed by the grandeur of everything the silence, and the circumstances in which I found myself there.

After eating, I dared to go to the window and peeped out.

I could see the river shining like a stream of silver between the foliage of the beautiful roses.

I looked at the lawn and the distant woods, and wished I could go out and pluck some flowers from the beds and lose myself a little in the suggestive shade of the trees.

Then I thought of Lady Linton, pitying her condition and thinking what a pity it was she could not enjoy the beautiful house and its surroundings.

I know I wondered what was the cause of her illness, and whether her husband's cruelty had anything to do with it; for it was clear, by Mrs. Gower's manner, that she must in some way be responsible for her daughter's condition. Then I sat down in a great chair, musing on the strangeness of life, and thinking that it was not only French governesses who were unhappy; and so I fell asleep, and fancied that I was lying in the hammock on board the Tub, and faintly I seemed to hear, as above my head or in some distant part of the boat the low deep voice of John Brown.

I do not know how long I slept, but when I woke, my eyes falling on the table, I perceived that the fishing-rod was removed.

Then I heard the sound of wheels on the

drive, and Mrs. Gower's voice, and I rose, hastily arranging my bonnet.

We got into the carriage and were driven away, Mrs. Gower sitting on the back seat and I opposite, on the front.

Mrs. Gower said nothing, and presently, leaning back, closed her eyes: so I looked out of the window and watched the Abbey receding from my view.

We went along for some distance, and then came to a long wall that skirted the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Love of his Life.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was a cold night in September.

For three days the rain had fallen almost unceasingly.

It had been impossible for us to get out, and no visitors had been in.

Everything looked dreary enough, and we felt so, truly.

"Aunt Edna," I said, "tell us a story—a love-story, please."

"Oh, little one, you have read so many. And what can I tell you more?" she answered gently.

"Oh, aunty, I want a true story. Do tell us your own.

"Tell us why you are blessing our home with your presence, instead of that of some noble man, for noble he must have been to have won your heart, and—hush.

"Yes, yes; I know something about somebody, and I must know all. Do, please."

I plead on.

I always could do more with Aunt Edna than anyone else.

I was named after her, and many called me like her—'only not nearly so pretty" was always added.

At last she consented, saying—

"Dear girls, to only one before have I given my entire confidence, and that was my mother.

"I scarce know why I have yielded to your persuasions, Edna, save that this night, with its gloom and rain, carries me back long years, and my heart seems to join its pleading with yours, yearning to cast forth some of its fulness, and perchance find relief by pouring into your loving heart its own sorrows.

"But, darling, I would not cast my shadow over your fair brow, even for a brief time."

With her hand still shading her face, Aunt Edna began.

"Just such a night as this, eighteen years ago, dear child, my fate was decided.

"The daughter of my mother's dearest friend had been with us about a year.

"Dearly we all loved the gentle child, for scarcely more than child she was—only sixteen.

"My mother had taken her from the cold lifeless form of her mother into her own warm, loving heart, and she became to me as a sister.

"So fair and frail she was. We all watched her with the tenderest care, guarding her from all that could chill her sensitive nature, or wound the already saddened heart.

"Lilly was her name. Oh, what a delicate lily she was when we first brought her to our home.

"After a while she was won from her sorrow, and grew into a maiden of great beauty. Still, with child-like, winning ways.

"Great wells of love were in her blue eyes—violet blue he called them.

"Others wondered if anyone's gaze would linger on any dark eyes when Lilly's were near?

"Her pale golden hair was pushed off her broad forehead and fell in heavy waves far down below her graceful shoulders and over her black dress.

"Small, delicately-formed features, a complexion so fair and clear that it seemed transparent.

"In her blue eyes there was always such a sad, wistful look.

"This, and the gentle smile that ever hovered about her lips, gave an expression of mingled sweetness and sorrow that was very touching.

"You may imagine now how beautiful she was.

"Her mother had passed from the earth during the absence of Lilly's father.

"Across the ocean the sorrowful tidings were bore to him.

"He was a naval officer.

"Lilly was counting the days ere she should see him.

"The good news had come, that soon he would be with her.

"At last the day arrived, but, oh! what a terrible sorrow it brought.

"When her heart was almost bursting with joy, expecting every moment to be clasped in those dear arms—a telegraphic dispatch was handed in.

"Eagerly she caught it, tore it open, read—and fell senseless to the floor.

"Oh! the fearful, crushing words.

"We read, not of his coming to Lilly, but of his going to her, his wife, in Heaven.

"Yes, truly an orphan the girl was then.

"In vain proved all efforts to restore her to consciousness.

"Several times, when she had before fainted, mother was the only physician needed.

"But that night she shook her head, and said—

"'We must have a doctor this time, and quickly.'

"It was a terrible night. Our doctor was very remote.

"Your father suggested another, near by.

"Never mind his name.

"Your father said he had lately known him, and liked him much.

"Through the storm he came, by and his skilful treatment Lilly was soon restored to consciousness, but not to health.

"A low nervous fever, and many days we watched with fearful hearts.

"Ah! during those days I learned to look too eagerly for the doctor's coming.

"Indeed, he made his way into the hearts of all in our home.

"After the dreaded crisis had passed, and we knew that Lilly would be spared to us, the doctor told mother he would have to prescribe for me.

"I had grown pale, from confinement in the sick room, and he must take me for a drive, that the fresh air would bring the roses back to my cheeks.

"Willingly mother consented. After then I often went.

"When Lilly was able to come downstairs this greatest pleasure of my life then was divided with her.

"One afternoon I stood on the porch with her, waiting while the doctor arranged something about the harness.

"Oh! how I wish it was my time to go," she whispered.

"'Well, my darling, it shall be your time.

"I can go to-morrow. Run, get your hat,' I said, really glad to give any additional pleasure to this child of many sorrows.

"No, no, that would not be altogether fair.

"And, Edna, don't you know that to-morrow I would be so sorry if I went to-day?

"I do not mean to be selfish, but, oh, indeed I cannot help it.

"I am wishing every time to go. Not that I care for a ride——"

She hesitated, flushed, and then whispered—

"I like to be with my doctor. Don't you Edna?"

"Oh! I wish he was my father, or brother, or cousin—just to be with us all the time, you know.

"Just then the doctor came for me, and I had to leave her.

"As we drove off, I looked back and kissed my hand to her, saying—

"Dear little thing! I wish she was going with us.

"I raised my eyes inquiringly to his. In those beautiful, earnest eyes I saw something that made me profoundly happy.

"I could not speak. After a moment he added—

"She is a beautiful, winning child, and I enjoy her company.

"But when with her, I feel as if it was my duty to devote myself entirely to her—in a word, to take care of her, or, I should say, to care for her only.

"And this afternoon of all others, I do not feel like having Lilly with us.

"That afternoon was one of the happiest in my life.

"Although not a word of love passed his lips, I knew it filled his heart, and was for me.

"He told me of his home, his relatives, his past life. Of his dear mother he said—

"'When you know her, you will love her dearly.'

"He seemed to be sure that I should know her.

"And then—ah, well, I thought so too, then.

"Lilly was waiting for us when we returned.

"He chided her for being out so late. It was quite dark. Tears filled her eyes as she raised them to his and said—

"Don't be angry. I could not help watching.

"Oh, why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come back.

"I was afraid something had happened—that the horse had run away, or——

"Angry I could not be with you, my little one.

"But I don't want you to get sick again. Come now, smile away your tears and fears.

"You friend is safe and with you again, the doctor answered.

"Taking her hand, he led her gently into the parlor.

"He had not understood the cause of her tears. Only for him she watched and wept.

"Do stay, she pleaded, when her doctor was going.

"He told her he could not then; there was another call he must make, but would return after a while.

"She counted the minutes, until she should see him again, never concealing from any of us how dearly she loved him.

"She was truly as guileless as a child of six years.

"From the first of her acquaintance with him, she had declared 'her doctor' was like her father.

"Mother, too, admitted the resemblance was very decided.

"This it was, I think, that first made him so dear to her.

"Several times, after the doctor returned that evening, I saw he sought opportunity to speak to me, unheard by others. But Lilly was always near.

"Ah, it was better so. Better that from his own lips I heard not those words—he would have spoken.

"Doubly hard would have been the trial. Oh, that night, when he said 'good-bye.' He slipped in my hand a little roll of paper.

"As Lilly still stood at the window, watching as long as she could see him, I stole away and opened the paper.

"Then, for a while, I forgot Lilly—aye, forgot everything, in my great happiness. He loved me.

"On my finger sparkled the beautiful diamond—my engagement-ring, to be worn on to-morrow, 'if I could return his love,' he said.

"Quickly I hid my treasures away, his note, and the ring—Lilly was coming.

"She was not yet strong, and soon tired, and as she kissed me good-night, she said—

"'I wish we had a picture of him—don't you?'

"'Who, dear?' I asked.

"'My doctor. Who else? You tease. You know well enough,' she answered, as she nestled her head closer to mine.

"Soon she was sleeping, and dreaming of him.

"Sweet dreams at first I knew they were: for soft smiles fitted over her face.

"I could not sleep. A great fear stole in upon my happiness.

"Did not Lilly love him too? How would she receive the news which soon must reach her?

"Was her love such as mine? Such as is given to but one alone? Or only as a brother did she love him?

"I must know how it was. Heaven grant that joy for one would not bring sorrow to the other, I prayed.

"I had not long to wait. Her dreams became troubled.

"Her lips quivered and trembled, and then with a cry of agony she started up.

"'Gone, gone, gone!' she sobbed.

"It was many minutes ere I succeeded in calming her and making her understand it was but a dream.

"'Oh, but so real, so dreadfully real. I thought he did not care for me. That he had gone and left me, and they told me he was married.'

"Telling this, she began to sob again.

"'Lilly, dear, tell me truly—tell your sister, your very best friend—how it is you love your doctor?' I asked.

"'How? she returned. Oh, Edna, more than all the world.

"He is all that I have lost and more; and if he should die, or I should lose him, I would not wish to live, I could not live. He loves me a little, does he not, Edna?"

"I could not reply. Just then there was terrible struggle going on in my heart. That must be ended, the victory won ere I could speak.

"She waited for my answer, and then said eagerly—

"Oh, speak, do. What are you thinking about?

"Pressing back the sigh—back and far down into my poor heart—I gave her the sweet and kept the bitter part, when I could answer.

"Yes, dear, I do think he loves you a little now, and will, by and bye, love you dearly. God grant he may.

"Oh, you darling Edna! You have made me so happy! she cried, kissing me.

"Next morning I enclosed the ring with only these words—

"Forgive if I cause you sorrow, and believe me your true friend. I return the ring that I am not free to accept.

"I intended that my reply should mislead him, when I wrote that I was not free, and thus to crush any hope that might linger in his heart.

"While at breakfast that morning, we received a telegram that grandma was extremely ill, and wanted me.

"Thus, fate seemed to forward my plans. I had thought to go away for a while. I then told mother all. How her dear heart ached for me.

"Yet she dared not say aught against my decision.

"She took charge of the note for the doctor, and by noon I was on my journey.

"Two years passed ere I returned home. Mother wrote me but little news of either Lilly or doctor after the first letter, telling me that my note was a severe shock and great disappointment.

"Three or four months elapsed before grandma was strong enough for me to leave her.

"An opportunity at that time presented for my going abroad.

"I wanted such an entire change, and gladly accepted.

"Frequently came letters from Lilly. For many months they were filled with doubts and anxiety, but after a while came happier and shorter ones.

"Ah, she had only time to be with him, and to think in his absence of his coming again.

"When I was beginning to tire of travel, and nothing would still the longing for home, the tidings came that they were married, Lilly and her doctor.

"Then I hastened back, and ever since, dear girl, I have been contented, finding much happiness in trying to contribute to that of those so dear.

"Now, Edna, you have my only love story, its beginning and ending."

"But, aunt, do tell me his name," I said. "Indeed, it is not merely idle curiosity. I just feel as if I must know it—that it is for something very important. Now you need not smile.

"I'm very earnest, and I shall not sleep until I know."

I really felt a presentiment that if I knew his name, it might in some way affect the conclusion of the story.

"Well, my child, I may as well tell you. Doctor Graham it was—Percy Graham," Aunt Edna answered, low.

"Ah! Did I not tell you it was not curiosity? Listen, aunt. When you were away last winter, papa received a paper from S——; he handed it to me, pointing to an announcement.

"But I will run and get it. He told me to show it to you, and I forgot. I did not dream of all this."

From my scrap-book I brought the slip, and aunt read—

"DIED.—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the morning of the 15th, Lilly, wife of Doctor Percy Graham, in the 34th year of her age."

Edna remained holding the paper, without speaking, for some minutes; then handing it back to me, she said, softly, as if talking to her friend—

"Dear Lilly! Thank Heaven, I gave to you the best I had to give, and caused you naught but happiness. God is merciful. Had he been taken, and you left, how could we have comforted you?"

And then, turning to me, she said—

"Nearly a year it is since Lilly went to Heaven. 'Tis strange I have not heard of this."

"'Tis strange from him you have not heard," I thought; "and strange still 'twill be if he comes not when the year is over. For surely he must know that you are free."

But I kept my thoughts, and soon after kissed aunt good night.

One month passed, and the year was out.

And somebody was in our parlor making arrangements to carry away Aunt Edna.

I knew it was he, when he met me at the hall door, and said—

"Edna—Miss Linden! can it be?"

"Yes, and no, sir—both—Edna Linden; but, Doctor Graham, not your Edna. You will find her in the parlor," I answered, glad and sorry, both, at his coming.

Ah, she welcomed him with profound joy I know.

He knew all.

Papa had told him.

And if he loved the beautiful girl, he then worshipped the noble woman.

"Mine at last!" I heard him say, with fervent joy, as I passed the door, an hour after.

How beautiful she was, when, a few weeks after, she became his very own.

I stood beside her, and drew off her glove.

How happy he looked as he placed the heavy gold circlet on her finger.

How proudly he bore her down the church aisle.

Ah, little Lilly was no doubt his dear and cherished wife.

But this one, it was plain to see, was the one love of his life.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE CHESTNUT.—It is said that the chestnut is fast becoming a thing of the past, and a medical authority claims that its disappearance is a fixed process of evolution. It says: "The chestnut tree is going just as all trees of spongy inferior fibre must go, before such stout close fibred trees as the oak. In pre-historic times the earth was covered with a rank, quick growth that yielded as the ages went on, to the compacter and stouter trees. It is in the operation of the same law that the chestnut is doomed."

TOO FRESH.—An amusing incident occurred a week or two ago in a school-house in Saco, Me. A lad of 9 years, the son of a lumberman living a considerable distance from the town, became a pupil in the school. As is usual in all schools, the larger and older scolars began to chaff him, and among other things told him that he was "too fresh and had better dip himself in a pork barrel." The bewildered lad, immediately on arriving home, disappeared into the cellar and when found two hours afterward was industriously engaged in washing his clothes in the brine of his father's pork barrel.

AN OLD SONG.—The well-known "Robin Adair" is generally spoken of as a Scottish song; but the melody is generally Irish, and the words are English. Robert Adair was an Irish surgeon whom accident brought into the presence of Lady Caroline Keppel, sister of the famous English admiral of that name. Mutual love followed their acquaintance, and during the enforced absence which Lady Caroline's relatives brought about, she wrote the song and sang it to an air which her lover had sung to her. They were finally married with the parents' consent, spent a few happy years before the death of Lady Caroline. Her husband never remarried. He lived to the age of seventy-five, an honored favorite of the King, George III.

MODERN AND MYTHOLOGICAL.—Two Wiltshire boors, who once had an extraordinary eating match against time, never heard about Hercules, Ulysses, or Milo, and therefore did not know that their achievement had been far outdone. The two sweet youths wagered with each other as to which would eat a given quantity in the shortest time. One got rid of six and a half pounds of rabbit, a loaf of bread, and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hour, and he was so flattered with the applause of the by-standers that he finished off with a beef-steak, a pint and a half of gin and a half pint of brandy. Now, Mr. Bradburn, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "amongst immortal gluttons, Hercules, the beef-eater was the chief. He would eat up the grilled carcass of a cow at a meal, with all the live coals attached to it. The edacity of Ulysses is completely attested in the Odyssey. Milo carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then, with as little difficulty, in his inside."

ONLY THIS.

I know not when the day may be,
I know not when our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet.
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray;
The world is wide, but, love, at last
Our hands, our hearts must meet some day.
Some day I shall meet you,
Love—I know not when or how;
Only this, that once you loved me—
Only this, I love you now.

I know not are you far or near,
Or are you dead, or do you live;
I know not who the blame should bear,
Or who should plead, or who forgive.
But, when we meet at length some day,
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,
And ev'ry cloud shall roll away
That darkens love 'twixt you and me.
Some day I shall meet you,
Love—I know not when or how;
Only this, that once you loved me—
Only this, I love you now.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE fell upon her knees, with a cry to Heaven for mercy and pity.

She buried her face in her hands while she wept aloud.

If she could but undo it all!

If she could but go back to the days when she was with Randolph at Ryverswell, she would not mind now what she suffered from the pride and rancour of his mother.

She could bear anything to be back again in the shelter of those strong and loving arms.

But that shelter would be hers no more.

She wept until it seemed to her that the fountain of her tears was dry, that she could pray and weep no more.

Oh for one minute in which to lay her head on Randolph's breast and sob out all her sorrow there!

A strange languor was stealing over her, a strange faintness that was like death, yet lacked its pain.

She tried to rise from her knees and cry for help, but it was useless.

Gradually the moon, the blue sky, the distant river, all faded from her view.

In their place came a black mist which seemed to enfold her.

All human sound died from her ears.

She heard no longer the fall of the river, the murmur of the wind, the tapping of the ivy against the glass.

There was a rush as of a roaring sea in her ears.

The beautiful eyes lost their light, the face its color.

Again she tried to cry out, but the faint gasp for breath died on her lips.

She fell with her face to the ground, helpless, motionless.

So she lay until the maid came in and found her, until strong loving hands laid her upon the bed.

Mrs. Ingram sent in haste for the doctor.

But neither the mistress of Queen's Elm nor her maids, nor the doctor, nor even the patient herself, had the faintest idea of the strange news which he had to tell.

CHAPTER XLI.

DOCTOR WEALD looked considerably astonished when he saw his young patient.

He was a man of great experience and kindly heart.

He had three fair young daughters of his own, and he thought of them as he looked at the delicate, exquisite unconscious face.

"What name did you say?" he inquired of the housekeeper, who took him to the young lady's room.

"Miss Beaton," she replied.

"Miss Beaton?" repeated the Doctor, with some emphasis.

"Yes, sir; she is quite a young lady—unmarried."

"Then there is a mystery," sighed the Doctor, as he proceeded to examine his patient.

"It is nothing to be alarmed at—it is only a long swoon," he said to the housekeeper, who, at the sight of the white silent face, had cried out that she was dead.

"A few simple remedies, and she will be all right."

He sent for all that he required.

The housekeeper assisted him, and Violet soon showed some signs of consciousness.

But there was a puzzled look about the Doctor's face as he bent over her, an anxious look in his eyes.

More than once his thoughts travelled back to the three fair young girls at home, and he murmured words to himself which might have been a prayer.

"There," he cried, when the blue wondering eyes opened—"that is better; that is right!"

He thought Violet, as she sat up, the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

The golden hair had fallen over her shoulders, and on her beautiful face was the pathetic wonder of a child.

"Have I been dead and come back to life?" she asked, in a strangely startled voice.

"No," replied the Doctor; "it has not been quite so bad as that."

"Where have I been?" she said. It seems to me as though I fell and died."

"There is no coming back from death," answered Doctor Weald solemnly.

"You have had a very long and very exhausting fainting-fit. You must be very quiet, and try to regain your strength."

A fainting-fit!

It must have been a curious one.

A soft languor seemed to overcome her, and she sank back again upon the pillows.

"You will soon be well," he added cheerfully.

But the expression of his face was at variance with his words.

He seemed ill at ease.

He bent over his beautiful young patient, and then, after a few words, walked away hurriedly.

He stood for a few minutes looking from the window, then returned to her.

He wandered away again.

He, the man of wide experience, of great and varied knowledge, a man who had never made a mistake, stood now confused and embarrassed, not knowing what to say to this girl whose eyes sought his face so anxiously.

"Doctor," she said, in a low weak voice, "am I going to die?"

"I see no reason for thinking so," he replied.

"For a long time now," said Violet, "I have felt that I was going to die. Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, humanly speaking," he replied.

"Then I must be very ill. It is long since I have felt well or strong. Why do you look at me so?"

With an impatient hand she pushed aside the thick waves of her golden hair. The soft eyes looked piteously into his.

Bidding the housekeeper go to prepare something that he ordered, he drew nearer to his patient, but did not speak until the woman had disappeared and closed the door.

Then he bent over her.

"Are you quite yourself?" he asked. "Can you hear and follow my questions? Can you answer them?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Poor child!" he said to himself; and once more he thought of his fair young daughters at home.

Why, even when seated by her side, did he pause and hesitate, why in his heart beg from Heaven that he might make no mistake, that his skill might not fail nor his wisdom err?

He seemed strangely reluctant, but at last raised her white hand and looked at it earnestly—the left hand.

Laying it down again gently, he said slowly—

"You wear no wedding-ring."

Her startled face betrayed her, and told him that she understood.

At his next words she shrank back with a faint despairing cry.

When he spoke again, she covered her face with her hands, and he heard her moan, "What shall I do? What can I do?"

"If you will trust me," he said, "I will help you."

"I cannot," she gasped. "There is nothing left for me but to die."

"You will not die," said the Doctor. "Take heart. There is nothing so dreadful but that time and patience will help and overcome it."

"Is it really true?" she asked. "It cannot be. I am going to die, and you tell me this to bewilder me. It cannot be true!"

"It is most undoubtedly true," said the Doctor.

"How blind and mad and foolish I have been!" she cried.

"I am right," said the Doctor, looking at her with penetrating eyes. "No one could be deceived in a face like yours.

"I am right in my thoughts. You have worn a wedding-ring, and in a fit of either anger or jealousy you have removed it."

She looked at the white thin hand on which no wedding-ring shone.

"You are right," she replied. "I have annulled my own marriage."

He looked down on her with a kindly smile.

"My poor child," he said pityingly, "what vain words!

"You say you have annulled it, while Heaven has confirmed it more strongly than ever. Can you trust me?"

"No," she replied—"not here in this house, where I begin to believe the hand of Heaven has brought me.

"Of all places in this world, my lips are most tightly sealed here."

"Still you are sure of the fact that you are legally, formally, and validly married?" he asked.

"I am more sure of it," she answered, "because my—my husband's mother hated me, and tried to set my marriage aside. When I knew that, I said to myself that I would annul my own marriage; and I have done so."

A faint smile played round the Doctor's lips.

"When the tide of a restless sea is set flowing," he said, "no human power can stop it; yet it would be easier to stem such a tide than to set aside or break the sacred tie of marriage when once it has been formed."

She listened with beating heart and white trembling lips.

"Then why," she said, "should they try to set it aside?"

"They could not. Child, do you think that men can undo the work of Heaven. You see the proof of the utter futility of the idea.

"You thought to yourself that you would annul your own marriage, while Heaven has confirmed it.

"I am an old man, with daughters young and fair as you.

"I do not wish to pry into your secrets, nor do I ask your confidence.

"I thank Heaven for you that you have a right to wear a wedding-ring.

"For your own sake I counsel you most strongly to put it on at once; and I advise you to go down upon your knees and ask pardon from Heaven for having arrogated to yourself so much power, for having thought it possible that you could dissolve or annul your marriage."

But she fell to moaning that it was all too late, that she had left him forever, had bidden him an eternal farewell.

"Child," said the Doctor steadily, "why did you leave your husband? What did he do?

"Was he untrue to you? Did he give his love, his cares, his attention to any one else?"

"No," she replied earnestly; "his fault was that he loved me to much. He—he deceived me in order to marry me, and my heart was sore and heavy on account of that deceit."

"Did that deceit hurt you in any way, remembering that all is fair in love and war?"

"It did not hurt me," she replied. "The secret he kept from me was with respect to his wealth and position."

"And you resented it?" interrupted the Doctor.

"I did—greatly. Then his mother hated me, and tried to make out that our marriage was not valid.

"Oh, what am I saying? In this house, least of all, I should not have spoken. But you will not betray me, you will never say one word?"

"Seek your husband, child. If it be wounded love that stands between you, vanquish it; if it be wounded pride, trample it under foot; let nothing stand between your husband and you."

"You do not know!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"I may not know the details of your story," he said impressively. "A different set of circumstances surrounds every individual, but grand and immortal truths never change.

"Take my advice. Seek your husband, seek a reconciliation with him!"

No; she would not be treated with scorn by his proud mother; she would not return to the husband who had known his mother's intentions, yet had not told her of them.

"I am tortured," she said.

"I know it; I read it in your face. Do right, child—never mind the result; do right, come what may.

"Now I must leave you. You are still very weak and ill; be careful, and keep quiet.

"Calm your mind, your soul, your conscience, and all will be well. I shall drive over again this evening to see you."

"And you are quite sure that it is true?" she repeated.

"I am quite sure," he replied. "I will keep your secret; but I am quite sure. When I return this evening, we will talk over what will be the best for you to do; until then, good-bye."

But the Doctor never saw the face of his beautiful patient again.

CHAPTER XLII.

DOCTOR WEALD saw the housekeeper.

He assured her that there was nothing to fear; the young lady wanted rest and nourishment.

He would return in the evening and see how she was.

He sent a message to Mrs. Ingram to say that there was no need for anxiety; but he went home with a grave face and a sad heart.

Who was she, this beautiful, winsome helpless girl?

How had she drifted into the old-fashioned mansion of Queen's Elm?

She was not related to the Ingram family.

There was a mystery.

He could not make it out.

Only one thing was plain to him, and that was that she must be persuaded to go back to her husband.

He thought to himself, with an indulgent smile, that she was most probably a spoilt child who had run away from home in some sudden pique, and was hiding under the disguise of a lady's companion.

He had come across one or two romances in the course of his professional career; this was another, with certainly the fairest heroine man ever dreamed of.

He was deeply interested in her, as is the nature of man to be deeply interested in a beautiful woman; he would not rest until he saw her happy and reconciled to her husband.

"But I will make it all right this evening," he said to himself.

While Violet, left to herself, went almost mad from excess of emotion.

The Doctor had left a sleeping-draught, which he said was to be given to her at once; but all the sedatives ever thought or dreamed of would not have brought rest to her.

Was it joy or despair?

Was it pleasure or pain? Was it wonder? Was it regret? She sprang from the bed.

She knelt first with a frantic cry to Heaven; then she rose with a wail of pain, and paced the room.

"What shall I do? What must I do?" was the burden of her cry. Then a feverish longing to go away seized her.

"I cannot stay here," she said; "I must go away." Then a fresh longing came to her; it was to lie down on the pretty white bed and never open her eyes again.

For the news the Doctor had told her was startling enough.

In a few months she would be the mother of a little child; and she did not know whether to rejoice or to grieve.

If it should please Heaven to bless her with a little son, he would be Baron Ryvers of Ryverswell.

How could she persist in hating the aristocracy when, if Heaven did send her a son he would be an aristocrat?

What would Randolph say?

She remembered his great love for children, and how often he had said to her that his one fervent prayer was that Heaven would bless him with a son.

Once, as they were standing on the bridge at Salzburg, watching the fast-flowing river, he had said to her quite suddenly:

"Violet, if ever Heaven blesses us with a son, I shall call him 'Ryno,' in remembrance of the dear old woods where I first met you."

She had laughed carelessly at the time. Now the words came back to her and pierced her heart.

If Randolph knew—he who had always been so kind to her—how devotedly he would tend her!

But he did not know, and most probably was with Miss Marr.

No; that must never be now.

Suddenly Randolph seemed to have grown doubly dear to her.

Then the difficulty of her position dawned upon her.

What was she to do? Of all houses in the world, her secret must never be known here.

She must go at once.

Gradually all other thoughts and ideas resolved themselves into the decision that she must leave Queen's Elm.

When the Doctor returned that evening, she must not be there; she must go at once and leave no trace, no address behind her. To her bewildered mind this one thing was clear. She dressed herself and rang for the housekeeper.

"Do you want to kill yourself, Miss Beaton," asked the astonished woman, "by going out after such an illness?"

"No; but I must go. I am not going out merely for a stroll. I am leaving Queen's Elm never to return."

"It is madness," said the housekeeper, "and most probably will terminate in death."

"I cannot help it," cried Violet. "Do not oppose me. I have made up my mind to go, and nothing will induce me to stay."

"Well, I enter my protest," said the housekeeper.

"Two hours since we all thought you were dying; now you are going out. Why, you have hardly strength to walk, Miss Beaton!"

"I shall be better soon. I cannot stay here.

"I am going to see Mrs. Ingram. See that the carriage is ready. I must be at the station by four."

Violet had decided on going to London, not knowing where else to go.

Mrs. Ingram looked much astonished when Violet stood before her.

"Do not be alarmed," she said. "I wish I had more time that I might speak more fully to you."

Mrs. Ingram roused herself and looked into the lovely colorless face.

"I hope I shall not startle you," pursued Violet; and there was a ring of impatience in her voice.

"I am sorry to tell you that I am obliged to leave Queen's Elm to-day. I am afraid it will be a great inconvenience; but I am compelled to go."

"It is very sudden, very unexpected, my dear," said the stately, gentle old lady. "but, of course, if you cannot help it——"

"I cannot, I cannot!" cried Violet. "I am in great trouble—I must go!"

"I have known it ever since you went with me to my husband's grave," said Mrs. Ingram quietly.

"Only tell me how, and I will do all I can to help you."

"You are very good," returned Violet; "but you could not do anything for me. I am sorry to leave you; you have been very kind to me."

"Go then, my dear. Do not be anxious about me. I shall find some one to take your place.

"I am sorry you are going; you are a great favorite of mine, and I shall miss you very much; but, if it is urgent that you should go, I will make no effort to detain you. When are you going?"

"I want to catch the four-o'clock express to London," replied Violet.

"Then you have but little time to spare," said Mrs. Ingram.

"You must have something to eat before you start. Shall you come back to me?"

Violet fell upon her knees by the old lady's side, and took the thin withered hand in hers.

"I am sorry to seem ungrateful and unkind," she said. "No; I shall never come back.

"I am in great trouble, and I do not see the end of it. I grieve to leave you in this fashion, but I cannot help it."

"I always thought from your face that you had a story," remarked the old lady.

"I knew it when you were with me at my husband's grave."

Before they parted, Mrs. Ingram made Violet promise that she would not forget her, that she would come back to see her some time or other.

"I have had many companions," she said "since my daughter, my bonny Jean, died, but none that I have liked so well as you."

An hour afterwards Violet found herself in the express, speeding as fast as steam could take her to London.

She had not thought yet what she should do when she reached there; her only idea had been to hasten away from Queen's Elm.

As the train sped rapidly onward through the fast-falling shades of evening, her mind grew calmer, and once more she was able to think.

Mrs. Carstone was the best friend she had in the world.

She had thought once of appealing to her aunt in her distress; but she knew that that good lady would say things of her husband that she herself could not and would not tolerate.

So she made up her mind that she would send for Mrs. Carstone, tell her all, and hear what her advice was.

She would abide by it, let it be what it might.

When she reached London, she took a cab to the Great Northern Hotel, and from there she telegraphed to Mrs. Carstone, asking her if she would come to see her there at once.

The answer to her telegram soon arrived, telling her that Mrs. Carstone would be with her in the morning.

After that, Violet slept well, her mind being at rest.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. CARSTONE wept tears of genuine delight at the unexpected news.

"It is a gift from Heaven," she cried, "sent to reconcile you and your husband—a gift from Heaven direct, my dear; and I am thankful for your sake. And now what have you thought of doing?"

"I thought of laying all my cares and troubles on your shoulders for a time," answered Violet.

"Whatever advice you give me, I will follow it."

"I should say, seek a reconciliation first with your husband," said Mrs. Carstone. "That was the course I advised even before I knew of this.

"You can do nothing better. I have a few days to spare; I will stay with you. Write to your husband.

"Do not tell him your news—that will be an agreeable surprise to him—but tell him you are tired of wrong-doing, and ask him to be friends.

"I should use just that simple expression 'Be friends.'"

"I cannot call it 'wrong-doing,'" remarked Violet, "because I really thought I was doing right."

"We will not argue over a word," said Mrs. Carstone.

"Tell him that you are tired of being away from him, and want to be friends—that is the first thing to be done—and I will stay with you until the answer comes."

"I do not know where he is," she said. "I heard that he was living somewhere in London.

She remembered that Miss Marr had told her that he was living alone, dejected and miserable, in London.

She had told her also of her intention to draw him, if possible, to Athelstone.

Athelstone was the dowager Lady Ryver's own house, whither she had gone after her quarrel with her son.

He might be in London, or he might have gone to Athelstone.

"Send your letter to Ryverswell, and, no matter where Lord Ryvers has gone, it will be safely forwarded to him," Mrs. Carstone advised.

"If I do it at all," said Violet, "I must do it at once, while there is a rush of feeling in my heart which prevents me from thinking clearly or remembering bitterly. I must forget much before I can write that letter, and in this confusion I have forgotten much."

"So much the better," remarked Mrs. Carstone briskly. "This is the very time."

She rang quickly, and ordered writing-materials to be brought into the room. She would not delay, lest Violet should change her mind.

The beautiful face of the young wife had grown very pale, and Mrs. Carstone saw how her hands trembled.

"Write now," she said, as she placed the pen in Violet's hand.

And she wrote the simple words—

"I am tired of being away from you, Randolph. Will you be friends? I am remaining at the Great Northern Hotel until I receive your answer."

As she sealed and stamped it, a great burning blush covered her face.

So this was the end of her grand resolutions, her high spirit, her rebellion, her "eternal farewell"!

She winced as she thought of it. Mrs. Carstone read her feelings.

"Remember," she said, "it is for your child's sake.

"You may, if you have a very elastic conscience, order your own life as you will; but you cannot blight the life of your child.

"Give me the letter, and let it be posted at once.

Again she rang.

She placed the letter in the servant's hands, saying—

"Let this be sent at once to the post," and see that a trustworthy messenger takes it, as it is of great importance."

Violet wondered in her own mind whether Miss Marr would be with Randolph when he received it, looking at him with those dark loving eyes of hers?

Would his handsome eager face flush with pleasure or grow pale with anger as he read?

She could not say. She knew that he had loved her with all his heart; but she was uncertain as to whether or how far her anger and her caprice had interferred with that love.

"I am glad I had not too much time to think about it," she said, with a deep sigh. "I am quite sure, if I had been able to remember all the reasons that induced me to leave him, I could not have written it."

While good Mrs. Carstone sat sipping her favorite after-dinner wine, the beautiful young wife lay with a dreamy smile on her lips.

She need never be jealous of Miss Marr again.

She was happier than she had been since the discovery she had made of her husband's title and wealth.

It would not be so bad, after all, to be called "young Lady Ryvers," the mother of the future heir of Ryverswell.

It would not be so bad to enjoy money and rank.

It would all be sweetened with love.

"Love will waken by-and-by."

Love had awakened with a passionate rush.

"Oh, my husband," cried the girl, who had once thought love a trouble, and had talked of annulling her own marriage, "if I could see you now, if I could tell you how full of love my heart is for you."

Some one was singing in the next room—a girl with a soft, clear voice—and Violet lay listening.

Noiselessly Mrs. Carstone rose to open the door, so that they could hear distinctly, and the sweet girlish voice sang on and on.

At last the beautiful melody died away; but the words of the song had entered Violet's heart.

It had needed but this to fill her whole soul with unutterable longing for her husband—longing so great that it was almost pain.

Tears filled her eyes, and Mrs. Carstone crossed the room to her quietly to kiss them away.

"You must not agitate yourself," she whispered.

A strange coincidence happened that same evening.

Although somewhat tired, Violet knew she should not sleep, and she asked for some books.

Amongst others, there was sent to her a volume of extracts.

The first lines upon which her eyes fell were these:

"Marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

They struck her with strange force. Had she voluntarily deserted an earthly paradise?

Ah, let her but once return, let her but once more stand in the shelter of her husband's arms, and she would be all that he could wish, she would love him with her whole heart and soul.

Peer or peasant, noble or plebeian, mattered little now.

She loved him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TWO days passed, and no answer had come to Violet's letter.

It was the third day now, and the young wife's heart misgave her.

Within three days, she and Mrs. Carstone had argued, a letter must reach any part of England.

In the first flush of sanguine hope she had felt quite sure that the moment Randolph read her letter he would listen to her.

She had expected him every hour, every minute.

Every footstep on the stairs, every hand on the door-knob she had believed to be his.

She had started a hundred times each day, her face flushing, her heart beating fast, a faint cry on her lips, which turned always into a wail of disappointment.

It was the end of the third day; he would not come now.

He was not in such a great hurry to see her, after all.

And no wonder, she owned to herself in sorrowful honesty—no wonder, after all her caprices and the scornful fashion in which she had treated his love.

Once a terrible disappointment happened to her.

A hansom dashed up to the grand entrance, and some one sprang from it in hot haste—some one who looked up at the windows of the hotel as though he expected to see a beloved face there.

For a moment her heart ceased its beating.

It was surely he—surely Randolph—come at last.

But, as the face and figure drew near, they were strange to her.

It was not Randolph.

A horrible sense of dismay came to her—a horrible fear.

What should she do if he never came or wrote?

That was impossible.

He must write.

In all their little misunderstandings he had ever been the first to yield.

A smile, a glance, a word from her had always brought him to his feet.

Was it any way likely that he could or would withstand such words as she had written:

"Let us be friends?"

The dawn of the fourth day found her trembling between hope and despair.

On the fifth day Mrs. Carstone's kindly heart failed her when she looked at the white, worn face.

"My dear," she said, "you must not look so. Try to regain some of your indifference; your face is becoming quite drawn and haggard."

And Violet, clasping the friendly hands in her own, cried, in a voice that was pitiful to hear:

"I do not think my husband will answer my letter!"

Mrs. Carstone tried to comfort her with all the gentle soothing women use to each other in the hour of distress.

It was possible, she urged, that the letter had not reached him.

There was plenty of time yet.

She must have patience, and, above all, she must remember how precious her life was.

On the sixth day Violet shut herself up in her room.

She had resolved on sending another letter.

This should be not a friendly invitation, but a passionate appeal to him to come to her.

She would not ask him to be friends, but she would tell him how passionately she had learned to love him.

She would not break her news to him, but she would beg him to forgive her for the old love's sake.

"Think of me," she wrote, "not as the proud, injured, haughty wife who bade you farewell, careless of your love, careless of your pain, but as the girl whom you wooed in the woods of St. Byno's.

"In those days, I frankly own, love was new to me, and I did not love you as you deserved; now it is different.

"Come back to me, Randolph—come back to me, darling, for I have learned at last to love you with my whole heart and soul, just as you loved me at first.

"And, beloved, I shall wait here six days—six days. If, at the end of that time, I have not heard from you, I shall know that you will never either write to me or come to see me again, and life will be all over with me.

"But you will come, beloved, you will come! My heart longs for you. You will take me in your arms and kiss me, and lay my head upon your breast."

She wrote the letter, on her knees; she covered it with burning tears and passionate kisses. Then she carried it herself to the post.

She put it into the letter-box, and, as it dropped from her fingers, she turned to Mrs. Carstone, with a smile more sad than any sigh.

"That will bring me either life or death," she said.

"It will be life, my dear," returned Mrs. Carstone. "No man who loved his wife could turn a deaf ear to such prayers as yours.

"You have promised to wait here six days. Let us spend those six days more sensibly than we have spent the last. Let us spend them in shopping. Have you money?"

And the answer was, "Plenty," with a dreary sigh.

"You will want it all," said Mrs. Carstone, delighted to think how easily she could make up any little deficiency of that kind.

"After writing that letter, you must rest to-day, and to-morrow we will go out shopping. Have you any idea what we shall buy?"

"No," replied Violet.

But there was a deep flush on her face and a shy, sweet light in her eyes as she answered.

"Such marvels," said Mrs. Carstone—"such dainty marvels of lace and embroidery—little pretty things that will make your heart beat with joy! And do you know for whom they will be?"

"Oh, happy me!" sighed Violet, even as she smiled. "In spite of all my trouble, thrice happy!"

"Thrice happy every good woman to whom Heaven sends the gift of a little child!" said Mrs. Carstone, with tears in her eyes. "You will have no time for watching at the windows for the postman; the next six days must be spent in making provision for the future Lord Ryvers.

So during the next six days the beautiful face regained some of its color and some of its calm; for Violet was taken out of herself by this new and keen delight, and Mrs. Carstone was just as pleased.

Violet roused herself from this new and engrossing occupation to ask where her husband was.

No letter had yet arrived; until the end of the sixth day Mrs. Carstone would not have the question discussed.

"He will come or write," she said. "It is not likely that, loving you as he does, he will refuse. If he did not intend to come, he would at least write and say so."

The fifth, sixth, seventh day came without news or letter; and then they knew they must look the cruel fact straight in the face.

"He will neither write nor come now," said Violet, with the calm of despair. "I cannot deceive myself or buoy myself up with false hopes any longer; he will not come."

"No," replied Mrs. Carstone; "I have been mistaken; he will not come."

The dainty purchases were all packed.

There was no more shopping; they could remain no longer at the hotel.

"In ten days more," said Mrs. Carstone regretfully, "I must leave you. My husband and son return from abroad, and I must join them. Will you come home with me?"

"No. I thank you with all my heart, but I could not do that. Think for me—I cannot think for myself; find some place for me where I can die."

"Die! What nonsense, my dear! Why should you die? 'Hope on, hope ever.' Let me think what it is best that I should do for you."

She thought for some time, while Violet knelt by her side with a white despairing face.

Suddenly Mrs. Carstone looked up.

"I know the very thing!" she cried. "I have an endless array of poor relatives, and my husband is very generous to them all. I have a cousin, Miss Mary Marston by name, who lives in a pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea.

"I will take you there, and you shall stay with her until we can see more clearly what better we can do.

"You must do your best to gain health and strength.

"I can come there to see you very often."

"You are so good to me!" sobbed Violet, with a sudden burst of tears.

So it was arranged.

Nothing better could be done; and on the day following the two ladies left the Great Northern Hotel and went to the pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea.

Miss Marston received them with open arms; and Mrs. Carstone told what she thought necessary of Violet's history.

Miss Marston promised to take the greatest care of the beautiful young lady.

And there, within sound of the restless sea, Violet lived for many weeks.

She never guessed the truth that the letters sent to Ryverswell had fallen into the hands of the dowager, who, feeling sure that Violet would write some time or other, had ordered all letters sent to Ryverswell to be forwarded to Athelstone.

Her son had been too wretched, too indifferent to give any directions with regard to his letters; he did not expect any from Violet.

The dowager opened both letters, read and burned them—then thanked Heaven that the danger was past, and hoped that the girl's word would come true, and that she might soon die.

One morning, Miss Marston, going into her lodger's room, found her lying with her face on the ground and a newspaper crushed in her cold white hand.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE fair sweet month of May, in its fair crown of hawthorn—the fairest May that for many years had blessed the land.

It came with smile of sun and song of birds and sweetest bloom of flowers.

Over the land lay a veil of tender green, the sea shimmered beneath the glorious sun.

To one heart the sunlight, the song, and the flowers brought no joy, no happiness, no hope, nothing but the chill of despair.

For the long weeks had passed without bringing to Violet any intelligence of or from her husband.

Mrs. Carstone had been several times to see her, and found her on each visit looking paler, more languid, and more ill, each time more hopeless.

"I shall never see him again," was the burden of her cry. "I must not blame him. It was all my fault. When I had his love, I did not value it; now that I have lost it, I am dying for it.

"It is strange, loving me so dearly, that he should not have sent me one word."

"Do you think it possible that he may never have received the letters?" asked her friend.

"No; had there been any mistake in the address, they would have been returned to me.

"It is that he will not come, I have tried him too far.

"It is best perhaps as it is. I shall die; and he will be free to marry the girl his mother has chosen for him."

And Mrs. Carstone this time had no cheering words.

She agreed with Violet that he had lost patience and cared no more for his wife.

She was terribly anxious concerning Violet, for the girl had clung to her with kisses and tears, imploring her not to tell any one, either friend or foe, where she was, threatening that, if she did so, she would go where no one could follow her or find her; and Mrs. Carstone knew that she would keep her word, so that to neither husband nor son could she say one word.

"I am sure I shall die," Violet would say to her quite calmly, her woeful eyes looking over the restless sea; "and then they will all be happy. I shall be out of the way, and no more trouble to them."

"But what if you do not die?" asked Mrs. Carstone, anxious to rouse her.

"You are a good woman," said Violet, "and Heaven hears the prayers of such. Pray for me that I may die!"

As she spoke she wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

She had given up hope.

Once or twice she thought she would go home to Aunt Alice, and ask to die near the bonny woods of St. Byno's, where Randolph had first met her.

As her strength decreased a terrible languor came over her.

Her brain and mind were ever employed.

In imagination she was always with Miss Marr and her husband.

She was sure they were together.

The dowager's influences had prevailed; Randolph had learned to look upon her coldly, had almost forgotten her.

Oh, welcome death that would take her from such a troubled life!

One morning she felt strangely ill and weak.

She went down to her pretty little parlor, where breakfast was prepared for her.

Lately a craving for news had possessed her, and she had ordered two or three fashionable journals, hoping to see her husband's name mentioned, hoping to find out where Miss Marr was.

This morning she was rewarded, for one little item of fashionable news ran thus—

"The Earl and Countess of Princethorpe have been entertaining a large and select party of guests at Princethorpe Manor. Amongst the visitors were Lord and Lady Kintail, Miss Marr, Colonel Marton, and many others."

"Miss Marr," "Princethorpe Manor."

She wrote the words down, not knowing why, but in obedience to some unaccountable instinct.

Presently she came to a paragraph that seemed to her her death-warrant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE are not many people to be seen.

As a rule, Blithside pleasure-takers do not call it pastime to go out on mornings such as this.

Nellie prefers solitude just now, for she has much to occupy her thoughts.

All her doubts and perplexities start up in review.

She holds a mental survey of them, and tries to battle down the distrust that, despite her endeavors, will rise up as she muses about Owen.

She walks on three or four miles; the chill breeze blows her sunny hair about, and calls up a bright color to her pale cheeks.

If tears rise to her eyes, she brushes them away, and determines she will not give way to weakness.

At last she turns to retrace her steps homeward, and on the opposite side of the road she sees some one walking towards her at a quick pace.

The glare of the mid-day sun falls full in his eyes, and the keen northern breezes make his progress a little trying as, with head bent down, he grasps his hat with one hand, and holds a small traveling-bag in the other.

So he does not see Nellie coming towards him, does not see the hot flush that mounts to her brow as she exclaims aloud—

"It is Owen Grimsdale!"

She stands one moment to calm herself, to hush the wild throbs at her heart; then darts across the road, and stands before him. His start of surprise is genuine.

"Nellie Frere! Who would have thought of seeing you on this rough day?"

"I may return the question, Owen. Who would have thought of seeing you down at Blithside to-day?"

He is holding her hand in his; but, in a moment, as if recollecting himself, he draws a little away, and replies gravely—

"I came down here on business of importance."

"You did not mention your intended visit in the letter I received from you this morning."

"I considered it better not——"

"But why, Owen? Could you not have said in words all you wrote in ink? Did you know your letter would reach me while you were here?"

"Considering I came by the mail train, I did not think it unlikely."

"And you never came to see me—oh, Owen!"

"How could I? I arrived late yesterday dined at Mountclair, and I breakfasted there this morning——"

"Mountclair!"

"Yes—I have been nowhere else except at my father's—and now, I am on my way to the station, and start for London by the next train."

His eyes are fixed upon poor Nellie's questioning face.

"Did you wish me to know you were at Blithside?" she asks.

"Candidly speaking, I did not."

"For what reason? How am I to understand you, Owen?"

He has recovered himself by this time—and is ready, coolly and dispassionately, to make use of his opportunity.

"Our letters have not been sufficiently pleasant lately to make an interview very desirable."

"The fault has been yours—you know your letters are cold as ice and make me miserable."

"And your letters are full of reproaches, ma petite.

"Does not all this prove a growing incongruity of mind and feeling between us? I have suspected it for some time—but you only just seem to have begun to recognize it."

"Do you mean we are not suited to each other?"

"Exactly so—that is my decided impression."

"Do you think that our engagement had better come to an end?" she asks, trembling with intense emotion, her cheeks blanched, her eyes full of wistful pleading.

"You must decide that, Nellie," he returns, with a sarcastic smile.

The smile rouses the girl more than words could do.

Her usually placid nature is stirred to its depths.

Her eyes flash with passion, and with a burst of indignation she exclaims—

"I withdraw my promise, Owen Grimsdale. When I promised to be your wife I thought you cared for me; but now I believe you care only for yourself. If we ever meet in future, we must meet as strangers."

"Is that your wish, Nellie?"

"It is. You compel me to wish it."

"Then I grant your request; and I hope you will find a new lover more to your taste."

"Don't insult me, sir—cruel, cruel, as you are!"

"You ladies are inconsistent. If I refused your request, you might justly call me 'cruel'; but in granting it I hardly deserve so severe an epithet."

The same sarcastic smile still plays on his lip as he speaks; and poor Nellie, crushed, and broken-hearted, feels she is truly no match for Owen Grimsdale in a conflict such as this.

Her blue eyes flash with defiant light, there is passionate scorn in her face, as with trembling hand she draws his last letter from her pocket, and holds it out to him.

"I return this and will forward the others by post. Please send back my letters as soon as possible."

"Good-bye, Nellie. I am sorry."

"Don't say you are sorry. You are glad—glad to be free! Heaven forgive you, Owen Grimsdale!" she interrupts passionately.

She turns away without another word, and not a moment too soon, for her little flash of anger has spent itself.

Hot tears are blinding her, and sobs rising in her throat, which check any further utterance.

She is no heroine, only a loving, faithful, warm-hearted girl who has promised a lifelong devotion to the man dearest of all the world to her, and finds her love flung back with contempt.

Alas, she has made an earthly idol of this friend and companion of her youth, and sees her idol spoiled and shattered at her feet!

Owen walks quickly towards the station with the keen wind blowing in his face, and his step is slightly triumphant.

Nellie has herself broken off the engagement.

Who can cast a word of reproach at him?

If girls do not know their own minds how can he help it?

He is free now to woo and win whom he chooses; one great obstacle in the road to Mountclair is removed.

But even ere he reaches the station his thoughts veer round, and he thinks of Nellie Frere with a sigh.

"How pretty and piquant she looked with that sweet face of hers all aglow with indignation!

"She was as furious as her own pet-dove in a rage.

"I could have taken her to my heart, and have told her I loved her more than ever. But I will not draw back; Mountclair must be mine yet.

"There goes the bell. I shall catch the train after all."

It is late when Nellie reaches home—just dinner-time, so she hurries up to her room to compose herself ere she appears in the dining-room.

It would be horrid to have them observing her tear-stained face, and asking what is the matter.

Mrs. Frere is carving, and on the chair next her is the Doctor with his coat and hat lying on the table near the window.

Doctor Frere has a plate of pudding before him, though the others have not yet finished the first course.

Nellie knows what this means at the first glance.

Her father is watching a hurried repast, that he may attend to some sudden call.

"Here's Nellie come at last!" exclaims Harry.

"I am glad you have come, Nellie. Your father is going to Hornclife in Hinton's chaise to see Mr. Alcroft, who is taken ill. Would you like the drive with him?"

"But I have taken off my things, mother."

"True, and have not had your dinner. Both these impediments may speedily be overcome if you intend going.

"It will be a capital chance for you to match the blue fringe for your cashmere dress, and to get a few more yards of the narrow French gray ribbon," Mrs. Frere says, as she carves the roast beef, and lays some sliced, with a spoonful of gravy, on Alec Moore's plate.

"It is rather cold over the hills," suggests Alec, who, with his keen sight, has noticed the girl's pale cheeks, her swollen eyelids, and trembling lips, and seen how hard she is trying to keep herself from breaking down,

"Yes, it is cold, mother. I have had a long walk, and there is no hurry for the fringe and ribbon."

"I Don't you look white, and ain't your eyes red!" remarks Harry; but Alec draws off the boy's attention from his sister by asking how he would like the drive.

"First rate; shouldn't I though? Father may Jack and I go with you, as Nellie does not care to go?"

"Come along, if you wish, but make haste about it.

"Wrap yourselves up well. Nellie, my child, you look as though you have taken a bad cold; better keep indoors for the rest of the day."

The dinner-table is soon deserted. Nellie cannot eat, and soon withdraws to help the boys dress, and hunt for their thick worsted gloves.

Ere long there is the stir of rapid departure, and her brothers, seated in the chaise with their father, wave back their adieus as they are whirled out of the gates.

As soon as the chaise is out of sight, Alec goes up to his room, and brings down a couple of new periodicals.

He lays them down beside Nellie, and says—

"Will you cut the leaves of these for me? There are some capital stories in them, and the prints are first-rate this month."

He looks sharply at poor Nellie's drooping head and sad eyes, wondering much what has happened to cause such a change in the girl's looks.

Then he goes out on his rounds, still musing and wondering in vain.

When he has disappeared, Mrs. Frere draws her chair close to the fire-side, places her work-basket on a small table near her, and says she will finish the flounces of the cashmere dress.

But Nellie seats herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, rests her head on her lap and bursts into tears.

"Bless the child! What's the matter now?"

"Put the flounces away, mother. I shall never want the dress, nor any of my wedding-clothes, for I am not going to be Owen's wife."

"Nellie, what do you mean? I don't understand you."

"The engagement is broken off."

"Who broke it off, pray?"

"I did; it is my own act and deed; but don't be angry, mother, and I will tell you all about it.

"Please, don't blame Owen more than you can help, for I love him still, and shall never love any one else."

Many a break-down interrupts the detail Nellie attempts to give.

She brings down Owen's letters for her mother to read, and the matron soon detects the slow torture so cleverly dealt out to her child in the written lines.

"You could not have acted otherwise than you did, Nellie.

"The caprice, the injustice, is not on your side, and I blame Owen Grimsdale for all the misery he has brought about."

"Then we will not talk any more on the subject, mother; it will do no good. Please put away my wedding-clothes.

"I cannot bear to look at them, for I shall never want them now."

CHAPTER V.

TWO years have passed away since Nellie and Owen parted.

To attempt to chronicle Owen Grimsdale's career during that period would be giving a history of some of the most important transactions that took place in the money-market.

His speculations all turned out brilliant triumph, and he was openly talked of as one of the most fortunate young men of his day.

Down at Mountclair, things have not been progressing.

The General's affairs were almost irremediable confusion before Owen's fingers meddled in them, and now the crisis has come.

One summer morning, Owen arrives at Blithside by an early train.

The first person he sees on the platform is Alec Moore, who is looking at the carriage windows, evidently expecting some new arrival.

A lady, in a blue morning dress, is standing a short distance off, evidently watching Alec.

Owen nearly stumbles over the young doctor, and holds out his hand with a very friendly smile to wish him good morning; but the brawny Scotchman draws himself up with all the dignity he can add to his six feet of stature, clasps his hands behind his back, and, with a flash of indignation in his eyes, turns away without a word of greeting.

He colors to the roots of his hair, his whole frame trembles with rage as he mutters to himself—

"If I had that fellow upon Roughstone Heath for awhile, I'd teach him a lesson he'd not forget.

"Poor Nellie Frere has never got over his treatment of her two years ago, has never been the same girl since. How dare he spoil her young life as he has done?"

Then, recollecting that Owen and Nellie had better not meet, he walks towards the girl in blue, hastily hurries her into the waiting-room, and says he will hunt up the boys and bring them to her.

Nellie enters the room just in time to see Owen pass the window, with a man wheeling a truck of luggage, and then she understands Alec's sudden action, and is grateful.

"I should not like to meet him. Perhaps he would pass without a word; or, perhaps stop and speak—that would be worse still. Owen might not mind it, but I should; oh, so much!"—she muses.

Owen does mind, however.

The cool contempt Alec has shown him has roused him to an emotion he can hardly hide.

The glimpse he has had of Nellie and of her sudden retreat makes him, for the first time, ask himself what Blithside people think of his doings.

Jack and Harry, who have come home for their holidays, rush into the waiting-room, in a tumult of school-boy delight.

"Here's Nellie waiting—how nice; and there's Owen Grimsdale outside! Shall I call him here?" inquires Harry.

"Do nothing of the sort, I don't wish to see him," replies Nellie, suddenly withdrawing from the window.

"What queer things girls are. Once, you were going to marry Owen, and now you won't speak to him," continues Harry.

But Nellie does not explain—she waits until Owen has fairly gone out of the station, and then, with her brothers and Alec, returns to her father's house.

This is a memorable day to Owen, however.

What once seemed wild dreaming on his part has become tangible fact.

He is now, to all intents and purposes, sole owner of the Mountclair estate.

He has paid large sums of money for that honor; but the reward has come to him at last.

Not a tree in the grounds, not an animal in the stables, not a scrap of furniture in the house can be removed without his permission.

His heart throbs wildly as on that day he walks inside the gates of Mountclair and gazes around him with the proud feeling of ownership.

All is his now, and the fact must be proclaimed to those concerned.

Hilda his looking out of the window as Owen walks up the carriage drive.

She glances at him carelessly, wondering why he comes so often to see her father.

Miss Mountclair has not been happy of late.

The General is more reserved than ever about his affairs, still, she can detect enough going wrong to cause her uneasiness.

That very morning she has questioned her father, and he has confessed that they are in danger of being driven out of house and home; though how this is to come about or in what manner the crash will fall is an absolute mystery to Hilda.

By this time Owen has reached the house; but she never dreams that the well-dressed handsome young man, with the keen eye and step, is the ruler of her household's fortunes.

He bows profoundly and passes on to the library, the General's usual retreat.

There is no need of servants to show Owen the way now, he knows every inch of it and knows the old man is eagerly awaiting his arrival.

The foreclosure of the mortgage is arranged, all is known but the identity of the person for whom the Blithside lawyer is acting.

Two hours pass away.

Hilda wonders at the long conference in the library.

A presentiment of ill comes over her that she cannot explain even to herself.

Vainly she strives to settle her mind to some fixed purpose, but she can neither read, think, nor work.

She begins to play one of Beethoven's pensive adagios on the piano, and just when the soft strain is beginning to soothe the restlessness of her nerves, the door opens, and her father, leaning on Owen's arm, enters the room with a slow, tottering pace. The General is very red about the eyes, his face is pale, and he clings to Owen for support.

"Hilda, my child, come here and thank Mr. Owen Grimsdale. We have found a true friend in him.

"He has saved us from ruin, and we shall not be driven from Mountclair."

Hilda looks inquiringly at Owen, but he does not speak.

The General goes on in a feeble voice tremulous with emotion.

"You can still keep Zephyr, I need not part with my hunters, the trees will not be cut down, nor the servants be dismissed."

"What does my father mean, Mr. Grimsdale? I cannot understand him in the least. Pray explain."

"General Mountclair only speaks the truth."

"It all sounds perfectly mysterious to me. Why does he talk in such a manner? Why is he so agitated?" she asks impatiently.

The General has already tottered out of the room, and, for the first time in his life, Owen stands, face to face, alone with Hilda Mountclair.

To say he is unmoved would be false. His heart gives a wild bound as he replies calmly enough.

"I am not aware how much or how little you know of your father's affairs, Miss Mountclair. But perhaps you will understand more when I tell you I am his sole creditor, and there is only one condition required to make all be stated just now absolute fact."

"What condition?" she demands in an imperious tone.

"One you alone can grant."

"I'll do anything to save my father from anxiety. What am I to grant?"

She looks up as she finishes her eager questioning, and catches a flash from Owen's eyes that makes her draw herself up proudly, and walk towards the door, at which her father has gone out. Owen steps quickly forward and stands between her and the door.

"I see you have already guessed the condition; but I will come before you in no false light.

"I do not pretend to be an unselfish man nor have I acted without motive; and the motive, through all, has been an alliance with your honored family. Will you consent to be my wife, Hilda Mountclair?"

She turns away, white with rage, she sets her foot angrily down on the carpet.

"How dare you speak like that to me? Such unheard of presumption is unpardonable. You forget your relative positions."

Owen smiles faintly.

"I have forgotten nothing. Our relative positions are soon explained.

"Refuse my request, and I leave your father to tell you what I, as a disappointed man, can do; grant my request, and all you at present enjoy, all that makes life pleasant to you is still yours, and the world will never know how near your father was to being a ruined man, an alien from his home."

"Your threats and promises are equally hateful!" exclaims Hilda, with a haughty frown.

"You are angry and surprised now, Miss Mountclair; but I will give you time to think over my request; consult your father on the subject, and to-morrow I will claim your reply."

Owen bows to the lady with a reflection of her own haughtiness, opens the door, and leaves the room without another word.

Thus does his second wooing begin.

His head is bowed, his step less exultant than it was when he entered Mountclair. One truth he has learnt fully.

Whatever Hilda's answer may be, no personal liking for himself will influence her.

With his clear insight into human nature he sees that she rather hates and despises him than otherwise.

The next morning he is early at Mountclair.

Hilda is sitting on a garden-chair on the lawn, with a book in her hands, which she throws carelessly upon the seat when she sees Owen.

"You have come for your answer, Mr. Grimsdale. I will give it now. For my father's sake, I am willing to grant your request."

"You will be my wife, Hilda?"

He looks tenderly into her eyes, and tries to grasp her hand.

"Yes; but spare your raptures. In a bargain of this nature, demonstrativeness is hardly expected."

"I will win you to love me; it will be the dearest wish of my heart to make you happy, and you never repent your goodness to me."

"The goodness is questionable. Now we understand each other, let the subject drop.

My father wishes to see you in the library and perhaps you had better not detain him," replies Hilda, as she calmly leads the way to the house.

Owen has much perplexing business to get through on that day.

He has taken the General's burdens on his shoulders, and finds they are not light ones.

He discovers evidences of recklessness and weakness that make him shudder, and confess to himself that he is not entering a family the head of which is sans reproche.

In the cool summer evening business-matters are set aside, when Owen sits down with father and daughter, to a late dinner.

There is nothing unusual in the look of the feast: the table is always bright with its fruits, its ferns, its rare exotic blossoms, and dainty plate and crystal.

Owen notes the elegance of the display, and feels the refinement pleasant to his taste.

He glances at Hilda, in her handsome maize-colored evening-dress, trimmed with rich lace, sitting there outwardly calm and self-possessed, and decides that she is a fitting mistress for so fair a board.

Hilda, for the first time, also thinks it worth her while to bestow a degree of scrutiny on her father's "business man," for is he not to be her husband ere long?

So she favors him with keen observance, and is forced to confess there is nothing in his appearance or manners to which objection can be made.

Of his good looks there can be no doubt: his features are refined and handsome, his hair, eyes, and beard irreproachable.

But Owen is a face one cannot read off at a glance.

He has seen too much of the world to exhibit his feelings on his countenance, and he has learnt the wisdom of speech that hides thought.

So he talks of many subjects clever and interesting, and very far remote from the probable musings of each heart present. He sits at the table, self-reliant, inscrutable apparently as much at ease as the fair Hilda herself pretends to be, and the lady is compelled to admit that, though Owen is one who may have power to rouse her to antagonism, he is yet far from being one on whom she can look down with contempt.

After dinner is over and Hilda retires, the General falls fast asleep in his arm-chair, and Owen, who has no desire to sit long at the table, steps out of the low window into the calm twilight air of the garden.

The odors of a thousand flowers steal up to greet him, the soft breeze stirs the leaves overhead, and Hilda's little white dog runs out, licks his hand, follows at his heels, and rambles about with him through the shrubberies.

He is monarch of all he surveys; but his happiness is far from being complete; the queen of the fairy scene is absent, and he wonders when the time will come for him to ask Hilda to be the companion of his walks.

The time does not seem very far distant.

There is a rustle of leaves, an insane yelp from Floss, and Miss Mountclair, with a black lace shawl thrown mantilla-fashion over her head, stands beside him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.

What A Surprise.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MR. JOHN BAYBERRY strode into the house, and stamped along the hall, and through all the rooms below stairs, dashing open every door he came to, and leaving it open, until he reached the kitchen, which he found deserted like all the other rooms, for even aunt Peg had forsaken it, and was out in the back yard, hanging out the Monday wash.

"Has everybody evaporated?" demanded Mr. Bayberry, grimly addressing space.

Receiving no reply, he banged open yet another door, which swung back against a precarious and shaky shelf, thus upsetting the equilibrium of a brass candlestick, a flat iron, and three tin cans, and they all went bumping down on to the floor together.

Bess was in the pantry, washing the shelves with hot soapsuds, for Bess was a busy little body, and insisted on performing a certain part of the household duties every day.

She was standing on a cheese box during the present performance—for Bess was so short she could not reach the second shelf—and she had a big table cloth pinned over her dress, and her silky hair twisted tight upon the top of her head and pinned with three great hairpins, that bristled up and looked like three pair of budding horns.

She heard the rapid footsteps outside, and smiled.

"That's uncle John," said she, "and he wants somebody likely. But I can't go just yet. Men always want something or somebody."

And she went on, calmly removing a row of jelly-glasses, every one dark and rich with its luscious contents.

Then she was startled by the thumping.

"Dear me!" said Bess, dropping the duster with which she had been brushing the shelf, "I suppose if some one don't go he won't scruple to tumble the house over; and where aunt Jule is the man in the moon couldn't tell."

She jumped off the cheese box, carefully holding up the table-cloth to avoid stepping on it, and opened the pantry door.

Aunt Jule had also appeared in a loose, green wrapper, from which a piece of torn ruffling, two yards in length, was dragging on the floor, with an old magazine, minus its covers, in her hand.

"Dear me, John——" began aunt Jule, looking injured.

"And dear me!" interrupted Mr. Bayberry, "if this house had legs, it might run away twenty times over and no one to prevent it. Come out of there, Bess, and both of you listen. I've got some abominable news. Jule, your late lamented's cousin, that tall, electioneering widow, wants to come down here and board all summer, with her daughter, 'dear Leonie,' who modestly wishes to give her 'numerous lovers' the slip, and rusticate at 'dear Meadowlands.' There's no end of 'dears' in her letter, and a string of compliments that are all in her eye, I'll wager anything."

Mr. Bayberry's sister sat down, looking helpless and mournful; but black-eyed Bess, whose ideas and opinions one could never foresee, favored the cause of her kinswoman, though they had made a point of ignoring her completely.

"Do let them come, uncle John," said she; "I always did want to see my stylish cousins awfully."

"Oh," answered Mr. Bayberry, shrugging his broad shoulders, "if you want to cook, and iron, and slave for two fine city relations, that don't take the trouble to remember your existence, go ahead.

"Write to them to come, by all means; but don't expect me to attend to them, and hold their yarn, and turn their music while they squeal sentimental songs into my ears——"

"Goodness, uncle John!" interrupted Bess, "no one would suppose how warmly you praised Doctor Dare's last sermon on charity, to hear you take on."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence," answered Mr. Bayberry, as he stalked away.

But there was a flush on his cheek, and perhaps his conscience echoed Bess' reproof.

For Mr. Bayberry's words and manners occasionally expressed more harshness than was in his heart, and, owing to his rather irascible temper, few dared take the liberty to lecture him.

Bess (who was not his niece at all, but only the niece of his late brother-in-law) was one of the few; and though she stood sometimes half in awe of him herself, there was a conscientious straightforwardness about her which led her to speak her mind whenever she considered it her duty to do so.

Perhaps she might, advantageously to herself, have cultivated a rather less abrupt manner, and so have found favor in more eyes.

But, nevertheless, it so happened that Mr. John Bayberry, who was rather peculiar himself, never took real offence at her words, and occasionally profited by them.

And this, perhaps, was at least partly because she had a way of popping out her little sermons in a concise, epigrammatic manner, and never "harped" on one subject.

A week later found the large parlor at Meadowlands graced by the presence of two stylishly-arrayed ladies, just from the city, and indulging in a series of rapturous exclamations over the charm of rural scenes, to the astonishment of aunt Jule, who saw nothing to gush about in fields and vines, and was secretly wondering if the grease spot in the side-breadth of her overskirt was very noticeable.

"And here's Bess, your little country cousin," said Mr. Bayberry, drawing her forward from the shadow of the window-curtains, from which she had been admiring Miss Leonie.

"Dear me," drawled the elegant Mrs. Horton, as she gazed down an immeasurable distance at the girl, for Mrs. Horton was very tall, and of a lofty carriage withal, "this is Bess, is it? We didn't dream of finding you here."

"Why should we?" queried Miss Leonie, languidly settling back against the rich-colored sofa cushions. "She isn't any relation of yours, is she, Mr. Mayberry?"

"Not at all," returned Mr. Mayberry, a trifle stiffly; "but she is quite as welcome at Meadowlands as if she were; especially as her blood relations choose to ignore her existence."

Mrs. Horton flushed a little; Miss Leonie bit her lip; and Bess shook her curly head at uncle John on the sly.

That same evening Bess was sitting on the back-door step, peeling peaches for supper, when Ashley Gray came along the clover-edged path leading from the stile down in the orchard, which he, as a very intimate friend of the family, whose home adjoined Meadowlands, found it convenient now and then to make use of.

"Go round to the parlor and see the ladies," said Bess, as she laid the last peach in the high-cut glass dish.

"I don't want to see city folks," said the young man.

"But you must go this time," answered Bess, "for I must go in. I promised to lay the table for aunt Peg."

So he went, and it somehow happened that the next night he went without urging.

And the next night.

Ah, Bess's little, ruffled white pillow soaked up two or three pearly tears.

The long summer days were waning at last.

It was late August, sultry but sweet, softening with the vague premonitions of the coming autumn, odorous with the spicy scent of herbs, and bright with the dashes of intense color here and there.

Mist crowned the hills, and languid loveliness was everywhere.

Bess stood, in the pinkish grey of the gloaming, upon the broad balcony, her head resting against a square, white pillar, the sprays of the vines above just sweeping her dusk, brown curls.

And Mr. John Bayberry stood and watched her—watched her with his black eye-brows drawn together in a line, and a set grimness about his mouth scarcely visible beneath his shaggy moustache.

"Bess," he said at last, "you have seen all this flirtation and tomfoolery going on between young Gray and your cousin Leonie?"

"Yes," answered Bess.

"And do you care? Excuse me, Bess, but I want to know."

"No, uncle John, I don't care a snap," replied Bess, lifting her head and smiling straight in his eyes. "I cared a little at first, but I don't now—not a bit.

Mr. Bayberry came a little nearer her.

"Bess—Bess," said he, lingering a little over the name, "I have found cause lately to rejoice that you are really no relation of mine. Can you guess why, Bess? Are you glad too?"

She drooped her head again, answering nothing.

"Tell me," he said. "you can surely guess my meaning?"

"I—what right have I—I——"

"Never mind about the right. Just tell me if you are glad. You shall not regret it."

"Yes, then," she murmured, radiantly blushing; "I am glad."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Horton and her daughter were holding a private conversation in their own room.

"Mr. Gray proposed last night, Leonie?"

Mrs. Horton spoke carelessly, yet she glanced half uneasily at the young lady rocking idly by the window.

"He did."

"I hope—I suppose you refused him?"

"Of course," returned Miss Leonie carelessly. "That was only a neat flirtation. Bess is welcome to him now. I presume she will be consoled, if he is a cast off glove."

"Meadowlands is a splendid place, Leonie, and valuable."

"And Mr. Bayberry is a very handsome man."

The two ladies smiled and understood each other perfectly.

Later, Miss Leonie sauntered down to the balcony.

Bess was still standing in the shade of the vine.

Leonie sat down upon the step and yawned.

Bess was nobody, that she should trouble herself to be ceremonious.

"Don't you find your position here very trying?" asked Leonie in her most languid, indifferent tone.

"Why?" queried Bess.

"Oh, it must be very unpleasant to be dependant on a man who is in no way related to you."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Bess, indulging in a little laugh all to herself in the shadow.

"You see, Miss Leonie," said Mr. John Bayberry, directly behind her, "Bess is soon to have the best right in the world to be dependent on me. You have often observed that we are not related; but we shall be, for Bess will be Mrr. Bayberry before the autumn wanes."

Do not be too generous with your temper keep it

Scientific and Useful.

PURIFYING CELLARS.—To purify the air cellar, and to destroy parasitical growth, a German authority says: Put some rolled brimstone into a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tight as possible for two or three hours; repeat this inexpensive operation every three months.

NEURALGIA.—So-called neuralgia pencils are now being offered by a number of German pharmacists, especially in Berlin. They are said to consist essentially of a mixture of methol, thymol and eucalyptol, fused and cast in small conic pellets, which are fitted in a suitable handle. The forehead and temples are touched with the pencil. A slight impression of burning is at first produced, which soon gives way to a pleasant, cool sensation.

COWS' HORNS.—To clean and polish cows' horns, rasp them with a file to bring to a smooth, even surface, then scrape with glass in the same manner as a shoemaker scrapes the soles of boots. This, if carefully done, will leave a fine clean surface. Then rub with a piece of cloth and rouge or putty-powder, wet to a paste with water; finally polish with a cloth and oxide of tin wet with water to a paste. Sometimes the horn is rubbed down for a final polish instead of the oxide of tin. Whiting and chalk in water are also used.

CANCER.—Cancer very seldom appears in persons under 30. It usually comes between 45 and 60. It is very rare in tropical countries, and more frequent among the poor than among the rich, among women than among men, and it has been noticed that among the Trappist, Carmelite and Carthusian monks it is almost entirely unknown, a circumstance ascribed to their abstinence from meat, while it is common in mid-Europe, where meat is most eaten. In the Netherlands and Belgium it has increased of late years. Immoral influences tend toward its production, when they have a bad effect on the digestive organs.

ICE-STORAGE FOR FAMILY USE.—Wrap a block of ice in a blanket and hang it where there is little or no movement of the air. The ice will melt very slowly, in part because the blanket is a poor conductor of heat, but chiefly because the water produced by the melting of the ice is largely or wholly evaporated from the outer folds of the blanket, and in vaporizing absorbs so much of the heat received from the surrounding air that the temperature of the ice is kept low. The inner folds of the blanket will be frozen to the ice; the ice will remain dry; and will seem to evaporate rather than melt. The same ice, if exposed to the air, or if covered with water, or if allowed to stand where the water, from its melting, does not freely drain away, will waste rapidly.

Farm and Garden.

MANURE AND LIME.—Never undertake to rot barnyard manure by mixing it with lime; the lime liberates the ammonia.

HORSE COLLARS.—Keep the horse collars clean. The dust and dirt which adhere to collars when they are wet with sweat works into lumps and ridges and sore shoulders are the result. If the collars become hard, wash them clean, round them and apply oil.

WATERING.—Horses hard at work need water much more frequently than the morning noon and night plan. If not allowed to drink between morning and noon they become extremely thirsty and will overload their stomachs with water, so that their food will not digest quickly.

TREATMENT OF COWS.—Watch your farm hands, note their treatment of cattle. The habit of kicking cows should not be allowed. A kick in the udder will very likely result in bloody milk. Although the consequences of a blow or kick on the ribs may not be seen at once more or less damage will certainly follow.

SCRAPING TREES.—As trees are generally scraped, more harm than good results from the operation. Great care should always be taken not to disturb or injure the lower and living part of the bark. There is an instrument, the "tree-scraper," made for this purpose, but a common mason's trowel or a short-handled hoe answers the purpose fully as well.

FRUITS.—A fruit culturist gives the following calculation of the productiveness of certain fruits: Six gooseberry bushes will produce six gallons of fruit, six currant bushes twenty quarts, six blackberry bushes twenty-five quarts, six raspberry bushes ten quarts, and six grape vines 125 pounds. Much, however, depends upon the age of the plants, soil, season and cultivation.

BOXES FOR BIRDS.—Some one makes the timely suggestion that a few profitable hours can be spent at this season of the year in making boxes for birds to build in. These may be placed about the farms, on the trunks of shade trees, on poles along the fences and on limbs of fruit trees. It pays to encourage blue-birds, wrens, martins, and such other birds to build in boxes.

NESTS.—Experience teaches us that it is a good plan, no matter what size of fowl you prepare the nests for, the safest and cleanest place in which to deposit eggs, and which affords the surest preventive against the hens eating their eggs or those under the setters, and the safest place from disturbances, is somewhere in the dark or in the darkest and most secluded part of the hatching-room or hen-house.

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COMMON THINGS.

We are all ready enough to acknowledge the pleasure we derive from those creatures of nature or of art that are grand, beautiful, or delightful in a very high degree. No cultivated man or woman dreams of disputing the claims of a great poem, a great picture, a great architectural work, to be sources of correspondingly great enjoyment to those who appreciate them.

A ramble through lovely scenery, an evening spent in hearing the finest singers, or the most eloquent speakers of the day, would be to many of us a pleasure at once extreme and rare, that we should be most ready to acknowledge.

But while dwelling on these great enjoyments, we are very apt to ignore the pleasure gained from the infinite number of common things, that in our thoughtlessness we consider too small and trifling to deserve our attention, much less our thankful appreciation.

We call them "insignificant," and forget that a Father's hand gave them "to minister delight" in silent, half-hidden ways to those who, perhaps, have not the greater pleasures within their reach.

The enjoyment these little common things of life bring to us is imparted by such unobtrusive means, that we take it without making how or whence it comes; it is only when we pause for awhile in the hurry of our daily life, that the thought occurs to us how much quiet, restful enjoyment is gained from unnoticed sources, and we are minded to know more about the matter.

If we cast a mental glance over the ordinary course of our lives, we shall not have to look far without finding some which may be classed in that list; the life must be very bare, or overshadowed by some terrible bitterness, to neutralize entirely the goodness of the common enjoyments that gleam through the murk and confusion of life straight into our tired hearts.

Chief amongst our common pleasures we shall number that which we gain from flowers. Not the carefully-arranged bouquet of choice exotics, but a handful of the homely buds and blossoms that are within the reach of us all.

How they change the aspect of a poor, bare room, glorifying it with their gentle beauty! Or in their own natural home, close to the brown soil or in the fresh green grass, what better emblems of grace and sweetness have we than they give us?

They call for no raptures, they draw forth no loud-spoken praises; but their quiet loveliness gives a quiet pleasure that sinks deep into the heart, and finds its truest response there.

Again, what more common sight than a company of happy little children; or what pleasure more real than that of adding to their merriment?

Their radiant little faces, their joyous eyes, their ripples of laughter, the pretty music of their pattering feet, may give us an unalloyed delight that many a more costly pleasure would fail to do.

It is those who are not so rich in this world's goods that can best appreciate these "common things" that minister to our pleasure.

Those who live in luxury, surrounded with all the costly incentives to enjoyment that wealth can purchase, would pass those of the commoner sort by unheeded, the glamor of their greater gifts hiding them altogether.

There is about the pleasantness of these "common things" a quietness and thoroughness that sink deep into the heart; there is about them a seriousness, a whispering of solemn things; and when we toil and are disappointed, we find a still, small voice of comfort speaking to us through them.

Surely none can doubt it who have toiled and been weary, longing for some restful break in the monotony of the daily treadmill of existence, and have found it in some humble unpretending form that has brought both refreshment and recreation to them.

Who that has thus hungered and been filled, can deny that, after all, happiness is made up of little things?

EVERY man has a call from God, and if he really throws himself with earnest heart into life, and asks, in the right spirit, "What can I do?" he will find some little shred of power that will catch him to God's great plan, and weave out results incalculable.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, declares that the air of Italy has nothing to do with the peculiar excellence of voice attributed to Italians, and still further dispels the illusion by showing that only a very small proportion of the singers in Italian opera are Italians. Thus, one by one, are traditions destroyed.

—

A PROVIDENCE paper says that of three varieties of loudness—that of dress, laughter and talk—the first is the most pardonable, since we have only to close our eyes, and we are not offended by it. "We believe," it says, "that psychologists are agreed that the ha-ha laugh indicates a cultured mind, the he-he laugh a shallow mind, and the ho-ho-ho-o laugh a gross mind."

—

A NUMBER of the United States Senate's employes are put down on the records as "skilled laborers," and dray pay at $1000 a year, while those who are merely "unskilled laborers" get $840. The distinction between the two is in the kind of brooms they manipulate. The skilled laborer uses a common broom to sweep stone flagging, while the unskilled laborer wields a coarse broom in sweeping carriageways.

—

GOETHE said that "no man with spectacles on his nose would enter into a familiar conversation with a lady if he knew that women lose all inclination to speak confidentially with a man when they have to encounter a pair of glass lenses instead of a living eye." We have noticed this to be true. The glass seems to break and diffuse the current of sympathy that exists between two people in conversation.

—

THE most intimate connection exists between the nostrils and the lungs. The nostrils is to the lungs as the watchkey to the mainspring. If the key is out of order, the watch quickly runs down. The great danger is the prevalent habit of breathing through the mouth. In the nostrils the turbinated tissues filter the air, and the small hairs keep out insects and noxious gases, while the mouth has no such guard. Mouth-breathing leads to sore throat, bronchitis, pleurisy and pneumonia.

—

THE failure to bring murderers to punishment has become so general and so gross as to call in question the efficacy of our criminal administration and to sound warning to the whole nation. It is a startling fact that escape of murderers from the penalty of the law is the rule, and conviction the exception. A writer in a recent number of a prominent magazine has collected statistics showing that more than 1,500 murders were committed in the United States last year, while the number of legal executions was only ninety-three.

—

FRANCE has, among other European countries, the largest percentage of electors, namely, 28.25 to every 100 inhabitants; Switzerland stands second, with 22.55; then Germany, with 20.09; and Denmark, with 15.46. England is fifth, with 8.83. It thus appears that the franchise in England at present is more limited than in not only republics like France and Switzerland, but also monarchies such as Germany and Denmark. Speaking generally, twenty persons have votes in Germany, and fifteen in Denmark, for every eight in England.

—

A NOVEL building is to be exhibited this summer at Coney Island, N. Y. It is to be in the form of an elephant, facing the ocean, with the places for entrance and exit through the hind feet. The forelegs, and a trough, out of which the animal will be eating, are to be occupied as bazars. The eyes, four feet in diameter, will contain large lenses, through which, with the aid of other optical apparatus, objects may be seen distinctly as far off as Sandy Hook. Rooms will be arranged in the head, the cheeks, the shoulders, the thighs, and indeed every part of the body, while the whole will be enriched by a grand gallery, 270 feet long.

—

A DELAWARE paper questions the efficacy of the whipping-post as a deterrent of crime. Its influence on the morals of a community has been greatly overestimated, and Delaware's experience during the past few years proves that it is by no means the best method for diminishing crime. "The very crimes which are punishable with the lash," it says, "have increased in number, rather than diminished, while those punishable by other methods are not any greater to day than five years ago. Thanks to a tender-hearted sheriff, and also, at times, to a more tender public sentiment, the boast that the same person has seldom been whipped twice, does not now hold good. The lash has lost its terror, and in losing that it has lost its all."

—

A REMEDY, which the writer has tested many times without a failure, is published in a leading magazine, which says that it can always be used by some one else upon a person who has the hiccoughs, and generally by the sufferer himself. You say to your friend something like this; "See how close together you can hold the tips of your fore-fingers without their touching. Now keep your elbows out free from your sides. You can get your fingers closer than that. They are touching now. There now, hold them so. Steady." By this time you can generally ask: "Now, why don't you hiccough?" The involuntary tendency to breathe slowly and steadily when the attention is fixed on performing a delicate manipulation, counteracts the convulsive action of the diaphragm.

—

A DROP of ink in a vessel of pure water, may not be seen; but it is there, and the water is less pure and transparent. A dark spot on your character may not be visible to the eye of man, but has a tendency to corrupt the mass of mind around you, and helps to contaminate the pure and healthy atmosphere of the wide world. That drop, dark and corrupting on your mind, may be a profane word, a lie, a deception. But no matter what it is, while it remains unefaced by repentance and the sunshine of virtue, it is spreading and deepening, and by degrees corrupting the whole heart, and changing the whole atmosphere around you. Beware of one vice, one sin, one error. Weak at first it may be, and productive of no visible effects; but alas! it soon grows and strengthens, till it becomes a giant, too strong to conquer. There is no safety but in virtue—a strict integrity.

—

LEADING geographers assert that Arctic exploration is of immense value to the world, both in its scientific and in its commercial aspects. They say that winds, tides, terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, and other important phenomena cannot be thoroughly investigated except under many different conditions of temperature and locality. Among many triumphs of Arctic research they mention fixing of the position of the true magnetic pole by Ross, the finding of a simple means of keeping the needle to the north in high latitudes, the discovery of the commercial mineral cryolite, and of the great whaling and sealing grounds in the Spitzbergen and North Greenland seas. They assert also, that, in spite of the frightful disasters that have befallen some exploring parties, the loss of life has been small. About three per cent. of the Arctic explorers have died in the course of their work—not a large proportion when compared to the mortality among African explorers.

—

UNDOUBTEDLY women who are not slatternly by nature, become so on account of the unvarying routine of domestic life. They lose interest in acts continually repeated, and slight small duties. Perhaps the housewife does not sweep her rooms thoroughly to-day because the operation must be repeated to-morrow; nor dust so particularly, since dust, unlike her coffee, has a trick of settling often. Why should she take unsparing pains with food which is to be eaten as soon as it is out of the oven, and not by visitors, either, who would credit her with skill? Or why be "fussy" about the beds that are to be tumbled in a very few hours? At the same time, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, they tell us. Why did she undertake a business for which she had no talent, and in which she finds nothing congenial? Is it not worth while to persevere in her irksome routine for the sake of those she loves? For that matter, is not life itself monotonous? A certain suicide made the excuse that the routine of sleeping, dressing and eating—indeed, of life in general—was too wearisome for endurance, and so quitted it.

BY THE SEA.

BY E. E. D.

Across the waste of years I see
One spot forever soft and green,
Which, shrined within my memory,
In evening glow or morning sheen,
Tells of the golden, vanished years,
When smiles came oftener far than tears.

A churchyard by the restless sea,
Where, in deep calm and dreamless sleep,
The Dead lay resting peacefully,
Unheeding the tempestuous deep;
Careless alike of sun and breeze,
Or ebbing of those changeful seas.

And oft when shipwreck and despair
Came to the little sea-beat town,
Pale women, with dishevelled hair,
To the wild shore went hurrying down,
And tenderly dead eyes would close,
And smooth dead limbs for long repose.

Full many a weary, storm-tossed wight,
Year after year, in quiet was laid,
Safe from the blustering storms of night,
In this green spot, and undismayed,
Slept close beside the breaker's roar,
Whose wrath should mar his rest no more.

And over each low-sleeping head,
Where thymy turf grew green and soft,
The wild bee hummed, and rosy-red
The brier-flower bloomed, and up aloft
The fleecy clouds went drifting by
Like shades, across the summer sky.

And ever as the years go by,
And one by one old memories creep
From out the sweet Past solemnly,
I seem to see, beside the deep,
That little, lonely, silent spot,
With many a childish dream enwrought.

Shadow Haunted.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

THE moonbeams stream through the open casement.

A broad patch of light falls on the smooth floor, shadowed with black lines crossing each other, which are produced by the trellis-work at the window.

The rays fall upon my bed, and they make the snowy covering look whiter still.

I sit, gazing dreamily out through the open window.

The sweet scents of the flowers in the garden below come up into my little room, wafted by the soft night wind.

It is a very cosy room, full of delicate comfort, arranged by loving hands.

As I sit and dream, vague, undefinable shadows creep into my breast, with a gloomy foreboding of evil.

Some dark shadow seems to hang over the house, that will come upon us sooner or later.

In silence I fretted, a prey to gloom and melancholy.

I longed to go out into the wide world; to work for my bread and be independent.

I was tired of home.

I was not like other young fellows, it was said, and I brooded over that, always thinking why I wasn't like others.

I was scarcely eighteen years of age, and I thought myself almost a man.

I was too delicate, my mother said, and not fit for work.

Ah, my poor loving mother!

Cold in death.

I was small for my age.

Delicate and slender.

I was always day-dreaming, and full of fancies.

So I sat dreaming, and sleep came stealing over me, and I lay down on my bed.

The shadows were still hovering about me, even in my sleep, and in my dream I saw a long dark object borne along by four dark figures.

The cold moonlight fell on the gloomy procession, and a grey white mist seemed to be rising up from the ground, enveloping the lower parts of the phantom bearers.

The long dark object was a coffin, and the four gloomy figures were the bearers.

I awoke with a start.

The moon was just sinking behind the hills, the wind murmuring a strangely melancholy sound.

* * * * *

Studleigh was a comfortable place; it looked something like a large farmhouse, with the tall old trees around; the dark green foliage hung lovingly against the old roof, and the ivy crawled everywhere along the walls.

In the porch, the honeysuckles twined with the white roses.

This was Studleigh, with comforts within and delightful scenery without.

My grandfather had spent nearly all his days in this place, and he died in his loved home, leaving all his property to my mother, his only daughter.

For a long time the old house stood empty, but after my father death we removed to Studleigh.

My sister was rejoiced at the change, and was delighted with the idea of living there.

At the first glance, we all thought we would come to love the old house.

There were only three of us—my mother, sister, and I, and we loved each other dearly were happy.

Happy, did I say?

Yes, very happy, until those shadows came to haunt me.

It was a fine, quiet morning, the sun shining and the flowers blooming.

I was sitting at the large bow window, staring moodily into the garden.

The gate opened, and two figures tripped lightly along the gravel walk.

They were my young sister Winnie and her friend Alice Wilton.

Alice Wilton was about sixteen, and my sister Winnie a year younger.

To me, at that time, Alice seemed a very pretty girl.

She was not tall yet, slender and graceful, slightly pale, with glossy dark brown hair and large grey eyes.

Perfectly oval face, small nose, dimpled chin, and a pair of rosy lips.

I do not know when I first fell in love with her.

I loved her with all my boyish passion, and thought no beauty now to be compared to my Alice, but I had never breathed a word of passion in my loved one's ear.

I shrank timidly from confiding my secret feelings to others, and kept my thoughts locked deep in my heart.

No wonder then, that I had not the courage to confess my love to my adored Alice.

They were chatting and laughing merrily as they passed through the garden.

Both of them looked up at the window where I sat, and I noticed Winnie whispering something into Alice's ear, and Alice blushed and Winnie laughed.

What could it be? Why did Alice blush on seeing me; They were only laughing at me, thinking what a stupid fellow I was.

These were the thoughts that came into my mind as I watched the girls coming towards the house.

Did she know I cared for her—loved her! Fool! To think that she would care about me.

There was a pang in my heart at the thought, and I arose with a feeling of bitterness within me.

I left the window, and strode out into the porch.

I started; Winnie and Alice were standing there, the white roses hanging above their heads.

A soft blush came over Alice's face, as I advanced to take her hand.

"Come here, Freddy," said Winnie. "Can't you come into the garden, instead of moping inside?"

She glanced archly at Alice as she spoke.

"Why didn't you come out earlier, Freddy? Alice has been waiting so long for you."

Again that beautiful blush, and hanging down her head, Alice cast a reproachful glance at my sister.

I observed that glance, and I felt unspeakably happy.

Before Alice returned home late that evening, it was arranged that the two girls and myself should go for a long ramble next evening on the moors.

"To-morrow evening, don't forget."

These were Alice's last words as she stepped out of the porch with her mother, Mr. Wilton escorting the ladies home, through the gathering dusk.

As if I could forget.

* * * * *

Winnie gathered wild flowers at the edge of the bank, and I stood drinking in the beauty of the scene, with Alice beside me.

Winnie, after plucking her flowers, bounded off to the other side of the bank, and I and Alice were left alone.

Seized with a sudden impulse I threw my arms round Alice's slender waist, and drew her to my bosom.

"Darling," I exclaimed, passionately. "Do you love me? Speak, Alice; I am dying for your love."

Her face was suffused with blushes, but spoke not a word.

"Do you love me, dearest?"

Shyly the grey eyes looked into mine, and the rosebud lips said, ever so softly—

"Love you, my darling? I've loved you ever so long."

She nestled closer to my bosom, and laid her head gently on my shoulder.

I strained her again in my loving arms, showering countless kisses on her blushing cheeks.

Softly she put her little hand into mine and looked up into my eyes.

Oh, how happy was I then.

Winnie returned with her pretty bouquet and we set out for home.

Leaving us, Alice took Winnie's arm, drew her aside and walked in front, while I came behind, swinging my cane and beating the dry grass.

I knew perfectly well what Alice was telling my sister, as she bent whispering in her ear, and I knew why Winnie looked back at me.

That night my fond mother knew why I was so happy.

She loved Alice dearly, and when Winnie told her my secret, she embraced and blessed the girl I had learned so fondly to love.

Days passed.

My mother invited Alice to stay at Studleigh, and my happiness knew no bounds.

* * * * * *

My mother was dying.

My heart was heavy.

Grim death stood at our door, yet I knew it now.

It was a dark and dreary night.

My sister crouched down at my mother's bedside, and I sat near her, filled with gloomy forebodings.

Ah, can I ever forget my young sister's wail of anguish; her bitter, bitter grief as my mother drew her last breath?

After the funeral Winnie and I were invited to stay at the house of a lady friend of ours, and thither we accordingly went.

Mrs. Bright sympathized with us tenderly, and we felt grateful to her for her kindness.

Days and weeks passed, and we still continued to reside at Mrs. Bright's.

One fine morning, Winnie came to my room in tears.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" she moaned as she sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"What is it, Winnie, darling? What is it, dear sister?"

"Oh, Freddy, what will you think of Alice?"

"Of Alice? What about Alice?"

Winnie threw her arms around my neck, and sobbed aloud.

"What of Alice?" I demanded again, excitedly.

"She doesn't care for you, she is——"

"Is what? Not dead?"

Since the day of the funeral I had not seen Alice.

I knew that her mother disliked me, and a strange misgiving seized upon my heart.

Another shadow of evil to come.

"Alice is to be married," sobbed Winnie; "she is engaged to the wealthy Mr. Price's son."

"To be married! When?" I asked.

"Very soon."

I strode out of the room and passed into the open air.

I reached the house of the Wiltons, and was shown into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Wilton and her daughter received me rather coldly.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Wilton, on your daughter's approaching marriage with young Mr. Price."

I had spoken in a tone of bitter irony, but without noticing it, Mrs. Wilton thanked me coldly.

I had not taken a seat, but stood leaning against the table, intently watching Alice's face.

"Yes, Fred; you'll be surprised to learn I am to be married so soon."

It was Alice who spoke, and she looked up into my face, then cast down her eyes in confusion.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilton; please excuse me, but——"

I rushed from the room without finishing the sentense.

I struck my forehead with my clenched hand and strode away, muttering to myself.

On I went, and knew not I had reached home till I stood in my own room.

Winnie was to go to boarding school; that was decided long ago.

She was very anxious to go; both of us were now weary of the place.

It was evening when I and my sister bade good-bye to Mrs. Bright and started on our journey.

From the window of the railway carriage I caught a glimpse of the dark foliage of the old trees at Studleigh.

My mother's lawyers had obtained a respectable position for me in a mercantile firm as a traveler, and my present state of mind suited the situation admirably.

I left my sister at the boarding school and started on my new life.

* * * * * *

More than two years passed.

During all this time I had been traveling from place to place, without a settled home, and without love or friendship.

A sudden fancy came into my head one day, to pay the old village a visit, and see Studleigh once more.

It was early in the evening, when I alighted from the train.

How well I knew the old road.

The lanes were pleasant and green as ever.

I passed on with a careless, listless step.

I beheld two ladies leading a child by the hand, coming along the road.

The ladies were Mrs. Wilton and Alice, and the little child, the former lady's daughter.

I did not start, though my heart beat quickly within me.

I raised my hat, and passed on.

They recognized me.

Alice was pale, and she clutched her mother's arm.

Both the ladies turned and looked at me strangely.

"Freddy—Mr. Eaglehurst."

It was Alice's voice, and I paused and retraced my steps.

Mrs. Wilton and her daughter advanced with outstretched hands, which I grasped cordially.

"It is long since we saw you last here, Mr. Eaglehurst?"

"More than two years, Mrs. Wilton," I answered.

"And misfortunes have come upon me," continued the lady with a sigh.

"You have heard, perhaps, how that scoundrel Price behaved—jilted my Alice, and nearly broke her heart?"

I expressed my sympathy for Mrs. Wilton's grievances.

Alice's face had become crimson, and paled as suddenly.

"We'll be late for the train, mamma," she said, taking her mother's arm, and exhibiting considerable confusion.

"We'll see you again, Mr. Eaglehurst?"

"I shall call upon you shortly, Mrs. Wilton," I answered as we shook hands again.

Thus we parted, and I continued on my way.

I went to Studleigh.

A large tree had been felled, and lay among the brown leaves and dry grass.

I sat down on the fallen trunk, and all the past scenes came back to me some bright, and some with the sombre shadows surrounding them.

Unconsciously, the tears were streaming down my cheeks.

What a strange life had been mine.

Bright with the pure rays of love and happiness, and dark with the shadows of death and misery.

But Alice, now that she was free once more, should I offer her my hand and heart?

No, she had deceived me, trifled with a true and fervent passion, dimmed the lustre of a love that would never burn with brightness again—never light up the shadow she had thrown over my heart.

Alice was naught to me now; she taught me to love once, but now I should never love again.

It seemed all so like a romance as I sat there and thought, that I determined to write my story, and here it is.

Interrupted.

BY JOHN FROST.

"COME, Jo, you'll go, won't you?"

Josepha Murray's pretty oval face flushed and then grew pale; her deep violet eyes sparkled.

"I wish I could," she cried out, with accelerated breath, and rose-lips apart.

"I always did like races—and I have so few opportunities for enjoying myself. Only——"

"Oh, pshaw! I don't like 'onlies,' said Mrs. Courtenay, Josepha's school-mate and friend, scarcely older than herself.

"There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't go. Mary Fitzalan is wild to have you, and——"

"Yes," said Josepha, a little doubtfully, "but I promised Geoffrey I would not have anything more to do with the Fitzalans."

"And why not?"

"Geoffrey don't like him. Mrs. Fitzalan is a divorced wife, and he thinks Mary is a little inclined to be 'fast,' and Herbert——"

"Herbert Fitzalan is the most charming creature in existence," cried out Mrs. Courtenay enthusastically.

"But—Geoffrey says he drinks."

"Everybody drinks nowadays."

"And—and gambles."

"Only a fashionable weakness, my dear," said Mrs. Courtenay, with a flirt of her spangled fan.

"It won't do, to look at our friends' faults through magnifying glasses."

"At any rate, I have promised Geoffrey Cleve that I wouldn't have anything to do with them."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Courtenay, elevating her eyebrows. "Isn't Mr. Cleve assuming grand seigneur airs over you rather early, my dear?"

"I suppose Geoffry knows best," hesitated Miss Murray.

"I don't then, by any means. And I tell you what, Jo, if you're going to give in to his tyranny after this fashion, you may as well make up your mind to be a miserable slave ever after.

"I know the Fitzalans as well as Mr. Cleve, and I say they are delightful and fashionable people, whom everybody is anxious to know.

"There are plenty of people who will be glad enough to get the fourth seat on Mrs. Fitzalan's landau, if you decline it. And——"

"Stop a minute, Alicia," said Josepha, with changing color, "I haven't quite made up my mind.

"I should like the races and it's very kind of Mary Fitzalan to ask me.

"And if it wasn't for Geoffrey——"

"You foolish little thing, how is he to know anything about it?" said Mrs. Courtenay, with renewed good humor. Take may advice. Go and have a good time, and keep your own counsel about it."

"I've a great mind to," said Josepha. "I don't think Geoffrey has any real ground for objecting to these Fitzalans, and if I hadn't promised——"

"Oh! nonsense," purred Mrs. Courtenay. "A bad promise is better broken than kept, any day in the year.

"And I for one will undertake not to betray you to Mr. Cleve. Ha! ha! ha!"

So the pretty arch-temptress went away, and the next afternoon a glittering landau of the Fitzalans stopped at Mrs. Courtenay's house, where Josepha Murray was lunching off lobster-salad, cream pates, and champagne; "for," said Mrs. Courtenay, "it's a deal better to start quietly from our house, and avoid all unnecessary comment," and the merry party set forth.

* * * * * *

"Nonsense!" said Geoffrey Cleve.

"But I tell you I saw her there myself," insisted George Dalley, "looking as lovely as a picture, by Hubert Fitzalan's side, in that dashing currant-colored landau that old Fitzalan bought in Paris before he separated from his wife."

"At the races?"

"Yes, at the races."

Cleve asked no more questions, but silently went on with his computing of figures with compressed lips, and brows moulded into a stern, dark frown.

And the same evening he sent a note to the house of Miss Murray's aunt, where she was spending a few weeks, giving her back her troth.

"You promised me to have nothing more to do with those Fitzalans," wrote he, in those cold, curt words which seem so much colder and curter on ink and paper than when spoken from warm, human lips, "and you deliberately have broken that promise. Henceforward I can have no confidence in you, and when confidence is destroyed, the flame of love soon burns out."

The note chanced to arrive when Mrs. Courtenay was sitting with her friend, and Josepha, who really loved Geoffrey, burst into a shower of tears.

"Do you suppose he's in earnest, Alicia?" she sobbed out. "Do you think he really means it? Oh! Alicia, I am so miserable! Why—why did I ever go to those horrid—horrid races?"

"Jo, I'm surprised at you," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Why, you haven't any more spirit than a kitten. Here, he throws you

off like an old glove, and you sit whimpering here, like a second Griselda."

"But I loved him."

"The more goose you! Let me tell you, Jo Murray, it's a lucky thing for you that you're only engaged instead of being married; he would have been worse than Bluebeard."

Josepha said no more; but her heart was faint and sick within her, and from its deepest depths she regretted that unpleasant escapade of hers.

Yet spurred on by Mrs. Courtenay's scornful jeers, she took refuge in a sort of false pride, and made no effort to regain the treasure of a good man's love that had slipped from her grasp.

"If he chooses to be so tyrannical," said Josepha, "I can't help it."

"Of course you can't," said Mrs. Courtenay; "and Herbert Fitzalan thinks you have acted with the utmost spirit and good sense."

"I don't care what Herbert Fitzalan thinks," said Josepha, shortly.

But she did.

It was not in feminine human nature to be quite indifferent to the ostentatiously-proffered sympathy of a handsome young man, and before the month was out, Josepha Murray found herself engaged to Mr. Fitzalan.

"I'll show Geoffrey Cleve that others care for me, if he don't," said she.

And Mrs. Courtenay loudly applauded her spirit, as she wrote off the direction of the wedding cards, "Herbert Fitzalan, Esq., Culvert street."

Old Mrs. Miller, her aunt, shook her head dubiously.

"Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," said she.

"Geoffrey Cleve was all well enough, and belonged to a first-class family, but I've no faith in your Fitzalans."

"If I were you, Jo, I'd wait awhile."

But Miss Murray was not disposed to take any such advice.

Josepha Murray was a handsome girl, and she looked well in white silk and tulle folds.

Herbert Fitzalan was a tall, stylish man, and he made a good-looking bridegroom.

The church was crowded.

The organ was pealing out its triumphal strains.

The young couple had just ascended the velvet-covered steps of the chancel, when there was a bustle and noise, and a tawdry, ill-dressed woman stood up in one of the pews nearest the altar, vehemently gesticulating.

"I forbid the marriage!" she shrieked out.

"I! That man be married to me! He thought he'd given me the slip, but he hasn't! No, nor yet he shan't!

"And he needn't suppose because I am poor and have lost the good looks that attracted him——"

The bridegroom turned around, white to the very lips.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" he inquired.

"Where are the police?"

But the tawdry woman fiercely resisted all efforts of the policeman who was called in.

"I've got my wedding ring and my marriage lines here," she insisted; "and I'll not stand by and see another woman step into the place that's mine by God's law and man's!"

So the wedding that was no wedding, came to a premature termination.

Mr. Herbert Fitzalan returned home with his real wife, in no very suitable frame of mind, and Miss Murray was driven back to her aunt's house, all in tears.

Nor was the chagrin of the moment rendered any the less easy to bear because, just as the carriage whirled away, she caught sight of Geoffrey Cleve's grave, earnest face, regarding her with a sort of mild pity.

She had invited him, and he had come; but neither had suspected such an entertainment as this.

"He'll come back to me," Josepha tearfully told herself. "He'll surely come back, now that he knows how miserable and forsaken I am!"

But he did not.

She had thrown away her chance, once and for ever.

And it often occurred to her, during the solitary years of after life, to which she had condemned herself, that that day at the races was hardly worth all she had sacrificed for it.

The Imbecile.

BY JOHN FROST.

As far as Io Palliser could see from the oriel window where she stood, leaning like a statue against the vivid crimson curtains—as far as she could see, over park ureland and meadow, everything was jumbled into confused, indistinct masses, out of which only one recognizable object looked—Raymond's face, pale as death, Raymond's eyes glittering darkly under the strange excitement that possessed him—strange because he was such a quiet, undemonstrative man, that Io had often asked herself if he was like other men.

She knew it now—or rather that he was unlike the other lovers who had lain their hearts at her feet, in imploring terms, for acceptance, and then—gotten over their rebuff after a while.

But Raymond had frightened her—this proud, haughty, worldly girl, who carried herself with such a lordly air, who thought she knew so much about love and men's hearts, and how to use them.

He had been with her perhaps twenty minutes, to and fro in the drawing-room, where there were several small groups of friends who had casually dropped in for an hour at the Pallisers', the most delightful place in the world; and then, Raymond had lifted the crimson silk curtains that shut out the world from anyone in the huge oriel window, and told her to go in.

Even that surprised her—other men would have asked her to go in; other lovers had begged an interview.

But Raymond, as he held aside the curtain with his large, white hand that held such a firmness in its grasp, he merely bowed in his unexceptionable way, and inclined his head towards the inside of the curtains.

"I want you a little while. Just come inside, Miss Io."

Io raised her eyes languidly to his—she would not be surprised out of her graceful laziness even by Raymond's unprecedented boldness.

Besides every atom of her womanhood acknowledged him her master; every fibre of her nature yielded instinctively to his imperious will—and yet, she did not know she loved him.

So, she lifted her glorious eyes—full of golden brown lights—to his face, and then, would have possibly shrugged her perfect shoulders in a cunning, disdainful way she had of doing when she wanted to let people see she rather resented what they said or did.

She would have done that—only a glimpse of Raymond's face and eyes completely startled the idea from her.

He was terribly pale, with a pallor that people have when they face a catastrophe—as a man might if he thought he had a moment only in which to escape for his life.

And Io Palliser involuntarily shrank from any petty demonstration in the presence of the man whose fate was on his face—whose heart shone in his eyes.

So she walked across the space to the window, into which the full-orbed moon shone almost as brilliantly as noon—her dark silken dress relieving the fairness of her blonde complexion and colorless cheeks, till she seemed almost ethereal in her beauty.

She leaned against a column to which the curtains were draped.

Her amber hair coiled low on her neck, where a lace film floated caressingly.

Her fair hands toyed with her white fan.

Raymond's voice broke the silence suddenly—low, intense, full of suppressed eagerness.

"Do you love me? This is what I brought you here to ask you—do you love me?"

Io's heart beat in muffled throbs.

Somehow this strange, fierce way of wooing her gave exquisite pleasure.

Then, the lower part of her nature arose in rebellion at the very way he demanded of her what he had not offered.

She curled her lip a little sneeringly.

"You can hardly expect an answer to such a question, Mr. Raymond.

"Women are not in the habit of informing every chance questioner who they love or hate."

"You know I am not a chance questioner—you know I am the man whom you have inspired with a passion as strong as death—the man who seeks you with an earnestness no lover ever felt before."

So he loved her—this splendid, proud, curious man.

Little thrills of delight ran all over her, and yet her voice was very even and measured in reply.

"If that is the case, you certainly have a right to ask me whatever questions you choose.

"I feel very much honored."

Her head was turned away slightly, but he could see the perfect lines and curves of her face.

"Is that all? You will not admit what you know is true?

"You will not yield the loyalty your heart urges you to give, and say, as I say, I love you?"

His eyes were as eloquent in their silent passion as his low, intense voice; and even above the flush of pride and indignation that Io felt at his imperious, singular manner, was a consciousness of his earnestness.

But—she was not to be won that way.

She would never voluntarily yield to any man, even if he were a demi-god, who did not think her worth an humbler wooing than that.

So she turned slowly towards him, pausing to adjust a string of shining jet on her belt, with a critical interestedness that fairly maddened him.

"You take a great deal for granted, I think, Mr. Raymond, when you are ungenerous enough to say what you did.

"Pardon me for contradicting you."

Now he would change his tactics, surely; now he would sue for her love, and call her his darling, his own—as other lovers had tried to do, and then—then Io knew she would not repulse him.

Instead he stepped nearer to her—so near, she felt his hurried breath on her cheeks.

"Can it be possible that I have been so deceived in my estimate of you?

"Look me in my eyes straight, and tell me, if you dare, I am nothing to you—never can be!"

That proud challenge of his overweening love, his proud consciousness of his own earnestness, aroused all the demons in the girl's heart.

She flirted her fan gaily a second, then held her head slightly to one side, and looked at him with a perfectly bewildering smile, that bloomed into a low, sweet careless laugh.

"I won't be dared, Mr. Raymond. I am looking straight into your eyes; listen, now, while I assure you are nothing to me, and never will be, unless——"

She paused, bewitchingly beaming on him, as he stood like a man braved against an oncoming death-blow.

"Yes, I understand. Unless what?"

"You look so cross, I am half afraid to tell you. Please don't frown so."

She was using all her arch coquetry now.

She knew its effectiveness, and was eager to see this odd man succumb to her.

He never smiled or moved his eyes off her face—his deep, earnest eyes that were glowing hopelessly.

"Go on, Miss Io. As the greatest favor you can bestow, I ask you to go on."

"Well, then"—she paused shyly, then glanced sideways at him with her radiant eyes—"I was intending to temper my decision with the extension—if you come to me in a year from now, why——"

A bitter smile shot luridly over his face as he bowed a proud salute.

"You mean, I presume, that I will be worthy of even Io Palliser's regard, if the love I have confessed can stand the proof she so gracefully puts forward as the test?"

She nodded, half saucily, her amber-brown eyes still fairly dazing him.

"Other men would exact a love pledge—worshipping as I do.

"Other women would take promises of faith between kisses and vows of affection, but we are not stereotyped lovers, are we? But I accept your challenge—a year from to-night you shall see me. Till then——"

Not a word of adieu, not a glance of reproach.

Only a brief, piercing glance from his matchlessly splendid eyes, as he lifted the curtains and passed from her presence.

A minute later she heard his quiet good night to the two of the remaining guests then, his firm, even tread grew fainter until it was lost in the distance that divided them.

Io's eyes had been full of triumph; now, the scintillation gradually faded, and her superb challenge of manner and pose transformed into an utter weariness of woe.

He had left her—this, man who elicited her deepest admiration, who piqued while he fascinated, who made her love while he wounded her.

He had gone, and at her behest—her foolish, childish command, that she gave more to win him to a less tyrannical wooing.

Io paced to and fro behind the curtains, now pausing to look out on the quiet country-landscape, lying in the majestic beauty a cool summer night's moonlight.

She could see nothing but Raymond's pale, impassioned, haughtily-curved face, and his soulful, imperious eyes that so matched the man.

Then, the absolute foolhardiness of her own act came home to her with blinding, staggering force; her heart asserted its own, and the full knowledge of utter loneliness, regret, and longing came to the girl, without alleviation.

Save one hope, to which she clung with the tenacity of the drowning man who clutches at a straw.

Raymond would come when he promised.

* * * * *

"Come, Raymond; you look as forsaken as the fabled forlorn maiden in 'The house that Jack built.' What's the matter anyhow?"

Raymond flung his cigar vindictively at the empty grate as Chellington spoke.

"I have got the veritable blues I've heard of, I believe, old fellow. I'm lonesome, and I'm not going to patronize this country place another day. I'm packed for London to-morrow."

Chellington had ensconced himself in a lounging-chair opposite Raymond.

"Well, I am not lonely—you wouldn't be if you'd only be one of us, and help us to get all the fun we can out of our surroundings.

"There's the champagne supper to-night; it was cards last night, and oysters the night before—why won't you come down to our place to-night instead of moping to death here?"

Raymond shook his head.

"I don't enjoy such dissipation thank you. In confidence, Chellington I never drank but one glass of champagne in my life, and that sent me to bed."

"Nonsense! But you needn't indulge, you know—only step down and see what a jolly set we are.

"By the way, I see the Pallisers have gone to town; five girls. Misses Lulu, and—what's that high-toned one's name—she with the pretty eyes?"

Chellington bit the end of his cigar composedly, and never saw the suddenly muscular steeling of Raymond's frame, or the sharp, agonized expression that shot across his face.

He did not notice, because there was no tremor in Raymond's voice as he answered—

"You mean Miss Io, as they call her, I think her name is Joline. Yes, she is pretty, and—incomprehensible."

Chellington turned his genial, jolly face laughingly towards Raymond.

"I sincerely hope you haven't made a devotee of yourself at her shrine. There's a half-score of demented fellows who swear they are inconsolable."

A bitter contempt curled Raymond's lips.

"Perhaps in a year from now Miss Palliser will think more favorably of some of her devotees. A year is a long while, isn't it?"

There was an impatient weariness in his tones that even Chellington's careless ears heard.

"Cela depend. If one was sure one would die in a year, then the time would be all too short. But if, for instance, some great, grand fortune were to come to a fellow in a year's time, why, you see, it would be insufferably tedious waiting for it."

Raymond's shadow-haunted eyes looked absently into space.

"You are right, Chellington—only you would have improved your homily by adding that none of us know what a year will bring us. Possibly to you or I, either the good fortune or the death you used as illustrative."

Chellington jumped up from his chair.

"Man—what dun-colored ghoul has gotten possession of you this morning? You shall come down to our champagne burst to-night—we will drive away the blues, at any rate. Remember, I'll expect you, and—oh, there goes Duff in his tandem—excuse me, Raymond, I'm off. Don't forget to-night."

Raymond watched him off, gay, jolly, care-free; then a half-jealous anger came into his eyes.

"A year! a whole year of this pitiful misery before she will listen to me, perhaps only to throw me over at last. I am a fool to let Io Palliser's memory haunt me as if does! I will go to-night! If only to quench in one excitement the horrid inertness left by her vanished witchery and cruelty.

That was the first step—that champagne supper; that a man like Raymond never would have dreamed of attending had he been the happy man he was not, through Io Palliser's fault.

This man with his ardent temperament, his imperious pride, his terrible disappointment; this lover of Io Palliser, who was left at her mercy to while away a year, while in her hands he would have been as safe as an angel.

So—Raymond went to the clashing of glasses, the flowing of golden liquid, the singing of songs, the clash of dice—to try to forget, briefly, Io Palliser's eyes, that were wet, that very hour, with tearful longings.

* * * * * * *

"I never saw you look so well in my life, Io. You are positively radiant. Dr. Tremaine will be smitten more deeply than ever."

Lulu Palliser gave an additional adjustment to Io's light blue sash, whose thick silken fringe just touched the embroidery of her dainty white overskirt.

"Flatterer! as if Dr. Tremaine's opinions affected me one way or the other. I will tell you a secret, sister mine, if you'll promise to guard it for me as well as I have done for the last year."

Lulu's blue eyes opened wider.

"It is this, Lulu—I am the happiest girl in all this wide world to-night—because—listen now, because Raymond is coming to see if I love him! You remember Raymond, who was here last year."

Her eyes were alight, her cheeks aflush, all for love of the man she had been more true to than merciful.

"Raymond! Io, darling, I am so glad, so glad. But if he breaks his word!"

By the little shiver of pain she saw convulse the girl's form, Lulu was answered.

Callers dropped in that night, and Io had hard work to get away, undetected, into the oriel window, where she felt Raymond would seek her that night.

She was hungering and thirsting for him—for the sound of his proud commanding voice, for the sight of his stern, fine face; and it seemed to her hardly possible that the time had come—at last, when she might creep into his arms and confess and be forgiven and beloved as her heart craved.

Without the crimson curtains were voices—Dr. Tremaine's conspicuous by the sonorousness, as he talked to Lulu, in frivolous gossip, then on some profound subject with the same ease and grace.

Io smiled to herself as she thought of caring for him when there was Raymond in the world; smiled for the last time in her life; for at that very instant there was a sudden confusion in the room, out of which Dr. Tremaine's voice rose loud and decisive.

"You're in the wrong house, my man. Here—not that way—not——"

Io sprang to her feet in a thrill of vague fright, and parted the curtains, to see Raymond standing just in the centre of the room, bewildered, absently staring from face to face in a piteously imploring way.

"Raymond, Raymond darling, here I am!"

She flew across to him, and would have grasped his hand, had not Doctor Tremaine caught her.

"You are mistaken, Miss Io; this is a lunatic who has been wandering all day near here—a harmless sort of a fellow, I take it."

"A—a what?"

Io fairly shrieked the question, as she stood held at bay by Tremaine's friendly arm.

"An idiot, don't you see? You needn't be alarmed, however. Quick, Miss Lulu!"

For Io—poor, poor Io—fell senseless to the floor, at Raymond's feet.

* * * * * * *

They learned it afterwards—how Raymond, coming home from the last champagne supper of the season, had fallen, struck his head on the sharp edge of the stone steps, and received a blow that made him a hopeless imbecile.

She never smiled again—Io Palliser—who exercised her mercy, perhaps, not altogether blamefully, and as certainly not blamelessly.

BEAR, and blame not what you cannot change.

The Wife's Mistake.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

AS a housekeeper Mrs. Hopgood took great credit on herself.

She was one of those rapid housewives who pursue an atom of dust, as a hunter might pursue a stag.

No bold-natured fly ever dared to buzz within her dainty walls.

No cat purred on her hearth-stone.

Plants were tabooed; because their leaflets would fall.

Canary-birds were ruthlessly excluded lest they should scatter seed.

Sunshine was regarded as an arch enemy.

"It brings flies, and fades the carpets," said Mrs. Hopgood.

As for Mr. Hopgood and the children, they lived mostly in the kitchen.

"I can't have the boys muddy boots tramping over the carpets, and the girls sewing in the parlor," said Mrs. Hopgood. "As for Hopgood, he don't care where he sits. One place is as good as another where he is concerned."

The Hopgood family also took their meals in the kitchen.

"I've got a dining-room as nice as anybody's," said Mrs. Hopgood, "with a real carved oak sideboard, with a marble top, with silver, polished till it's better than any looking-glass, but where's the use of turning things all upside down for one's own family? Common crockeryware and good bone-handled knives are just as good for every day use."

"Mamma," said Elsie Hopgood, a cherry-cheeked girl of sixteen, "I should like to sit in the parlor, sometimes. Mrs. Montfort and her daughters use theirs every evening, and it looks so pretty and pleasant there!"

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Hopgood, sharply. "I keep house myself, after my own fashion, and I give others leave to do the same."

"But, mamma," pleaded Elsie, "I was thinking how I should like to invite all the girls here some evening, and have tea, and afterwards a little dance. I've been asked out so many times, without ever responding that I am really ashamed to go."

"Then you had better stay at home," said Mrs. Hopgood, polishing vigorously away at the stem of her silver card receiver. "I think I see myself, with all the young folks in town, dancing on my Brussels carpet, and cake crumbs and melted cream daubed over everything."

Elsie made no answer, but her countenance fell.

"I wish mamma was like anyone else," she said to herself, the tears obscuring her eyes. "I wish she was like Kate Prickett's mother, who lets her have company every Thursday evening. John Elton wants me to marry him. If I was married, I could have a home of my own, and do as I pleased."

"Mother," said Mr. Hopgood, a week or two afterwards, with a troubled face, "is it true that our Elsie is out walking with John Elton, evening after evening? He is a worthless dissipated fellow, and no fit associate for any girl."

"Mercy on us! I don't know," said Mrs. Hopgood, with a perturbed face. "I supposed she was with Kate Prickett, or Clara Montfort. I'm a great deal too busy with the pickling and housekeeping to run as a giddy girl's heels the whole time."

"But I'm going to commence cleaning tomorrow, and then I'll warrant I'll give her enough to do, to keep her out of mischief."

"Mother," said Isaac Hopgood, gravely, "sometimes I think that if we made home a little more attractive to our children——"

"Oh, nonsense!" petulantly interrupted his wife. "I suppose you would like me to have tableaux, like Mrs Montfort; or a magic lantern, like the little Micklorts. Our children have been brought up that way."

And Mr. Hopgood said no more.

Mrs. Hopgood was, to use her own expression, "in the thick of the house cleaning" the next day, with the carpets rolled into heaps, the floor spattered with soapsuds, and her head tied upon a pocket-handkerchief, when the door suddenly opened.

"Take care of my tub of soapsuds and soda," cried she, shrilly. "Oh! it's you, is it, Ally?"

"Yes, mother, it's me," said Alexander, her eldest son, who had just gone into business, as junior partner to his father.

"I say—do leave off washing a minute, and attend to me! Ryerson Sinclair, you know—Sinclair & Co., Church, you know—is to be here to-day and I've asked him to dinner."

"To dinner!" almost screamed Mrs. Hopgood, dropping her brush in her consternation. "Alexander Hopgood are you crazy? Of course I can't have him to dinner. Just look at the confusion the house is in!"

"Oh, he won't mind that, mother. Ryerson is a thoroughly good fellow. Just let him sit down to pot luck with the rest of us, and ——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Alexander," said Mrs. Hopgood, severely compressing her lips. "You know I do not approve of your inviting company at any time, still less at such a period as this. If you have been fool enough to ask him, you may get out of the scrape the best way you can!"

"But, mother——"

"I don't want any more discussion on the subject, sir!" Mrs. Hopgood, dashing away with the broom.

And Alexander went out, slamming the door.

"By George!" quoth Alexander Hopgood, to himself, "if I can't ask a friend to dine at home, there's at least the attraction of its being home-from-home-ish! I never did such a thing before, but I don't see how else I can manage."

So Alexander Hopgood entertained Mr. Ryerson at the hotel, and gave an unlimited order for iced champagne and dessert.

And the upshot of it all was, that Alexander Hopgood was brought in at eleven o'clock at night, by two of the waiters, hopelessly intoxicated.

"Don't be 'f-f-fraid, mother!" stuttered he, brandishing an empty bottle, as he became dimly conscious of her white, scared face, bending over him. "Go on with your washing! It's a deal jollier at the hotel than it is at home. Freedom for ever! Hoo-oo-ray!"

"Oh! what shall I do?" sobbed Mrs. [illegible] when the waiters were once more [illegible] roll of the cab [illegible]. "To think—only to [illegible] should ever disgrace himself thus!"

"It's your own fault, mother," said Benny, the second son. "You wouldn't let Ally bring his friend here."

"Hold your tongue," sharply retorted Mrs. Hopgood, wincing beneath the prick of the home truth. "Call Elsie. I need her help."

"Oh, mother!" piped Fanny, the younger girl, running downstairs in frantic haste, "Elsie ain't here!"

"Not here!"

"No mother; she hasn't been to bed at all—and there's a note on her table directed to you!"

"Open it, mother," said Isaac Hopgood, huskily. "This is a doomed night for our household."

"My God! has our home become so distasteful to our children, that they fly from it like rats from a falling house?"

Elsie's note was short enough. It read—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am tired of living in the kitchen. I have run away with John Elton, and before you see me again, I shall have entered upon a new future.

"ELSIE."

Mrs. Hopgood broke out into wild, hysterical sobbings.

Mr. Hopgood read the hurriedly-scrawled paper, with a face cold and set, like steel.

"Run away with John Elton," he repeated, slowly. "Poor Elsie, then God help her.

"For he is as great a villain and scoundrel as ever lived; and she has sealed her own doom.

"Mother, mother! this comes of your housekeeping."

"I wasn't my fault, Isaac," sobbed Mrs. Hopgood, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a chair into which she had dropped.

"It was your fault," retorted her husband, almost savagely. "You made the very name of home a mockery to your children; you shut up your soul inside of a scrubbing pail; and now you are reaping the bitter harvest."

Of course poor Alexander Hopgood was unable to lift his throbbing head from the pillow the next day—and his mother never left him until after noon.

When, at last, she came downstairs, the parlor blinds were thrown wide; a flood of sunshine streaming in; the table neatly set in the pretty dining-room, with flowers on the table, and new books, games, and puzzles scattered around.

Mrs. Hopgood gazed around with a bewildered air.

She hardly knew her own home.

"This is the way in which we must live henceforward, mother," said her husband, cheerily. "Let in the light and sunshine; teach Ben and Fanny that 'home' is something more than an empty name, and try, in so far as we can, to retrieve the errors of our past life."

And Mrs. Hopgood mutely bowed her head.

"I will try, husband," she answered.

THE STRANGLERS.—Brigandage is fast dying out in Mexico, thanks to the civilization which always follows in the wake of the locomotive; but in the City of Mexico itself a band of robbers, known as "The Stranglers," are still in the full survey of their powers. These midnight murderers envelope their victim in their cloaks, stifle his cries in its folds, and then murder and rob him. Until recently they had a female decoy, who lived at the best hotels, and who would, in some way, get the intended victim to follow her until she reached the spot selected for his destruction, when a low whistle would bring a dozen brigands from their hiding place. The woman was captured a few months ago and is now in jail; but all efforts to break up the murderous band have so far proved unavailing.

"In A Very Weak Condition, Sinking from Nervous Prostration."

A patient in Mississippi gives this account of a "marvellous change" wrought in her condition:

"Last December I received your Compound Oxygen. I was in a very weak condition, sinking from nervous prostration. I commenced its use immediately, leaving off everything else. And what a marvellous change it wrought in a few weeks! So rapidly did I improve that neighbors and friends who had been familiar with my complaints for several years are still full of wonder at my recovery.

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in every part of the country, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

That Awful Box.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

MY cousin, Penelope Pugsley, was what the world calls a strong minded woman.

She read philosophy, practiced botany, and knew something about all the 'ologies' in existence.

She never thought of matrimony, except as an adjunct of political economy, and the Bureau of Statistics.

If people rallied her on the subject, she was wont complacently to reply that she had too much to do to think about getting married.

But—this is entirely confidential between me and my readers—if she had a weakness, it was for Dr. Sternbright, who lived in the nearest house to her.

She had even gone so far as to say that she believed him to be a man who thoroughly understood himself.

But as Dr. Sternbright was as inveterate an old bachelor as she was an old maid, there was every probability that the partiality would turn out merely an idea.

Cousin Penelope—Penny, I called her for short—lived all by herself, with the exception of a hard-featured, old, Welsh serving-woman, in a ruinous house, near a marsh, with a lively view of the railway, elevated upon a dismal trestlework, and the croaking of frogs innumerable, by way of music and when first I went there visiting, I lifted my hands and my eyes.

"Oh, Penny," I cried out, "how can you ever endure to live in a place like this?"

Penelope adjusted her spectacles on her Roman nose, and responded briefly—

"I don't trouble myself much about externals, Mary."

"But you haven't any neighbors."

"Science and the world of literature are my neighbors," said Penelope didactically.

"And who lives in yonder red house, with the row of stumpy willows in front of it?"

"Dr. Sternbright."

"All alone by himself? Are all hereabouts Robinson Crusoes on a small scale?"

"I believe a cousin has just come to keep house for him—a tall, awkward girl, who is going to open a boarding school," answered my cousin with some asperity.

And I, too, was Penelope Pugsley's [illegible]

I mentally [illegible] upon having [illegible].

Cousin Penny jealous.

Who would ever have believed it?

I had not been in the house long, before Sarah Evans, the ancient housekeeper, became, in her turn, communicative.

"It's an awfully dull place, miss," said Sarah. "And the graveyard down at the foot of the hill don't make it none the livelier."

I gave a little shudder.

I had seen the ghostly gleam of the white tombstones from my bedroom window, and resolved that I would have a curtain made to shut them out.

"Does much in ghosts, Sarah?" persisted I, with the lugubrious.

"Of course I do! Nobody does."

"Ah, I don't know. With a graveyard on one side, and cuttin' and choppin' on the other, one hears of strange things," retorted Sarah, stoning briskly away at her tin basin-full of raisins.

"Sarah, what on earth do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Sarah, with grim satisfaction.

"Except that there's a many hereabouts, as has seen the ghosts of them as Dr. Sternbright has dissected."

"What nonsense!"

"Well, miss, it stands to reason," persisted Sarah.

"I know I couldn't rest in my grave, if I was dug up and cut to pieces. Could you, now?"

"Someone has been practicing on your credulity," said I, with dignity.

"Well, I only know what people say," replied Sarah. "And them doctors don't pay no attention to neither law nor order!"

But in spite of my external faithfulness, I couldn't help thinking of what Sarah had said, as the grey dusk gloomed over us, and the sad November winds began to howl around the angles of the house.

I had come, intending to remain until Christmas.

I resolved now to go home, as I drew the [illegible] red curtains, and gave the [illegible] a poke.

The night had set in bleak and stormy—rain dashed in pattering gusts against the windows—the dead sprays of the leafless honeysuckle tapped, after a sepulchral fashion, at the lintels, and loose shutters banged like reports of artillery.

Cousin Penny sat and drank tea, with her feet on the fender.

I tried to read, but without success.

"Cousin," said I, suddenly, "do you believe in supernatural visitations?"

"Supernatural grannies," retorted Penny. "I'd as lieve spend the night with any number of corpses, or in yonder graveyard, for that matter."

I [illegible]

"I wish I was as strong-minded as you, cousin. This is the very night for ghosts to walk abroad."

"Mary, I am ashamed of you," said Penny.

"Is it really true about Dr. Sternbright and the resurrectionists?" I went on.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Cousin Penny, "not a word of it; and if it was true, what difference would it make to us?"

"Only" pleaded I, "I wish he didn't live next door."

Just then there came a knocking at the door, and presently Sarah came in.

"It wasn't my fault, ma'am. They would leave it!"

"Would leave what?" demanded Penny.

"The box, ma'am. I said we hadn't ordered nothin', nor didn't expect nothin', but they said it was their orders to leave it, and down they dumped it on the kitchen floor, whether or no."

"What sort of a box?"

"A long, narrow one, ma'am."

"Hum!" soliloquized Penny. "Perhaps it's a mistake. Perhaps the parcel is to go to Dr. Sternbright's. My hat went to the house once. And——"

"Lor' have mercy on us," shrieked the affrighted Sarah, jumping backward, as if a hornet had stung her, "I know what it is now, and I wish I'd had been anywhere afore I'd have let it into the house. It's a—a body!"

"Sarah!" cried Miss Penelope.

"Come and look at it for yourself, ma'am" said Sarah, trembling all over like a leaf.

And we all three adjourned to the kitchen.

Sure enough, there lay a long, narrow box of unpainted deal, directly across the kitchen floor.

And a narrow card tacked on one end read

"For Dr. Job Sternbright.

"With haste."

Penny turned pale.

I uttered a shriek, and jumped up on the kitchen table, while Sarah Evans wedged herself behind the door, whence she put her head out like a Jack-in-the-box.

"Mary, do you think its really a corpse?" faltered Penny, a greenish pallor overspreading her face.

"Of course it is," I answered. "Oh, dear! what shall we [illegible]"

"It'll be walkin' the house, directly the clock strikes twelve," croaked Sarah.

"Mary," whispered Penny, clutching at me with a force which had very nearly brought me down off the kitchen table, "I hope it's a very decent chamber maid and ——"

In spite of my own terrors—in spite of the grisly thing upon the floor, I could not but laugh.

"Penny," cried I, "I thought you weren't afraid of ghosts."

Penny looked at me with unutterable [illegible]

"I never had one in the house before," said she.

"As for the stable, that's all nonsense," said I. "Let's shut ourselves up in the parlor, and lock all the doors."

"I dare not," sobbed Penny, for once in her life getting hysterical. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! let's all go to Dr. Sternbright's and ask 'em to take us in there till the horrid corpse can be taken away."

So through the storm we three helpless women trudged, getting wet through, and slipping two or three times, from sheer inability to see our way through the pitchy darkness; and at last, we stood before Dr. Sternbright's snug little sitting room, where his cousin—neither tall nor awkward although fashioned after a truly regal model—was playing the piano, and the doctor sat, slippered and comfortable.

"Hey!" cried out the doctor. "What's up now?"

We all told our story at once, in three different keys.

"A corpse in a box!" added I.

"On my kitchen floor," Cousin Penny followed suit.

"Ghosts! ghosts! ghosts!" dismally chanted Sarah Evans.

The doctor burst out laughing.

"A long box," said he, "directed to me?"

"Yes," we all cried out.

"Clara, my dear," he said, turning to his cousin, "it's the maps for your school-room. We expected them to-night by express, and it is not half an hour since you were wondering they didn't make their appearance. Ladies, I'll go over with you, and solve the mystery at once by means of a hammer and screw-driver."

He did, and our corpse turned out to be three superb maps, varnished, painted, and mounted on six-foot long rollers.

Cousin Penny looked at me

I looked at Cousin Penny, and we both burst out laughing.

But we never cared to discuss the question of nature and its supernatural again, especially as Dr. Sternbright married Miss Clara the very next year.

WHAT THEY DO.—Out of the 325 members of the House of Representatives, 221 are lawyers, 19 manufacturers, 18 farmers, 10 editors, 8 merchants, 7 bankers, 5 doctors, 2 lumbermen, 2 railroad presidents, 2 railroad operators, 1 minister, druggist, zoologist, hatter, railroad ticket agent, cooper, printer, and capitalist—with 2 not classified as to occupation.

Important

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train at Cortlandt and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42 Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save Stage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, and baggage will be transferred from Hotel to Depot, free. 600 Elegant Rooms (with Parlor attached) and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the city. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

BIZZY.

BY PIPKIN.

BIZZY, or more familiarly Biz, was a dog—only a dog; on the whole, like ten thousand other dogs trotting up and down the country roads, and through the city streets.

He leaped and barked, and did all those other things dogs love to do, and carried a child on his back.

He had done this ever since that child could remember.

He was strong, though one could scarcely call him handsome.

There were certainly prettier dogs, but few dogs had stronger limbs, and none had a better heart.

If "handsome is that handsome does," as the common saying has it, no wonder that his little master found him at least good to look at, even though people less acquainted with his ways might not.

He had, as I have said, carried on his back his little master ever since the boy was a tiny mite of a thing and had to be held on at each side by his father's and mother's hands, and the boy still rode him, grown as he was to a merry, chubby boy of four years, so heavy that the old dog's legs sometimes gave out, and he had to rest often.

Indeed, his little master's love was rather tyrannical.

The boy adored his dog and was often in ecstasy over him, and in his raptures he quite forgot the dog's claims to consideration, and was of course unintentionally, but, for all that, really cruel and exacting with him.

People who did not love the dog were never the trouble to him that at times his little master could be.

He hugged him, throwing both arms round his neck far too tightly, almost choking him.

He pinched his ears in a kind of a passion of love.

He made him stand in some unnatural position out of passionate admiration of his great abilities.

Occasionally the dog yelped, for things went too far.

And then the boy would tremble a little in slight terror and penitence.

But both soon forgot the affair, for they genuinely loved one another and stood high in mutual estimation.

It was nothing more than the cruelty of affection—very thoughtless affection, but still affection.

And the brave dog knew it, and endured it so!

Affection may be more cruel than indifference, but cruel as at times it may be, by generous hearts at least, it is always liked.

At its worst, it makes life happier: the flesh may wince a little, but the heart swells fuller with joy.

The dog, poor brute, was very happy; full of the pleasure of fortune, of kindness and success.

He would not have changed his situation and merry little master for any other lot in the world.

He lived in sunshine, and wisely forgot all the little hurts and mistakes, as we all should.

So, what with his own good sense and his little master's true love, Bizzy had all the joy a dog can look for in a world like this, and he was content.

Perhaps some of my young readers might learn a lesson from this good-tempered, humble creature.

It would not be so difficult to get on with one another in nurseries and playgrounds as it sometimes is, if we just treated one another's pinches and knocks, not according to the pain they give us, but according to the evident intention of the heart.

That is the spirit of all that is noble and true.

That is how Bizzy felt, and he got along the better for it.

And his little master felt all that, and rained kisses upon him.

When he had pennies to spend on eatables, he always bought something his dog would like, too, and he loved to cram victuals into his big mouth.

In the summer time they scampered and loitered through the fields, or sauntered round the grounds about the house; and when the days were warm they lay down with one another on the lawn. And everybody liked to see them.

At night, when the child went to bed, the dog went to his kennel.

Nobody was the light to Bizzy's eyes which his little master was.

His night always began with the child's bedtime.

Bizzy's ancestors had no such good fortune as he.

Perhaps because they had not been an American boy's dog.

For the most part they had belonged to traveling tinkers in Belgium, and had dragged their master's carts about all day, having to put up with little food and a rough bed for their pains.

They worked hard, but they never got loved.

He himself had been brought to America, when he was so small you could put him into your coat-pocket.

And no land belonged to his little master's parents before their darling boy was born.

Indeed, he was full-grown while his master was such so small that he could not be held upon Bizzy's back.

Bizzy, I may say, was a diminutive of Bismarck, the German statesman. He was most frequently spoken of as Bizzy, and addressed as Biz.

From the first all children had found him a tender, true, and gentle creature; but now he seemed to care only for his tyrannical little master.

But there came a day when his eyes saw what he could never forget.

That day his little friend was up there in one of the rooms in the second story of the house, looking at him out of a window and calling to him, "Bizzy, Bizz," a sound which Bizzy never heard without instantly returning a welcome whine, and a wag of his big tail.

The heart of the dog would have leaped up to the window if it could; but his wishes served him nothing.

He simply sat on the ground, looked up, and wagged his tail, pricking up his ears to their highest point.

The child reached still further through the casement till there, before the dog's eyes, he fell out of it, and dropped to the balcony below.

The dog leaped to the spot, and stood over the child.

For a moment he was silent, gazing on the still form.

It did not move.

The eyes did not open.

Then the dog lifted up his face and voice to heaven, and wailed one long, touching wail.

The child was dead.

The dog's heart was broken.

Then kind hands came and took up the little lifeless body and carried it to its bed, and afterwards to the grave.

When the child was buried, and its form came no more, neither to room nor garden, nor kennel, the dog lost all his pretty ways.

He never leaped, he could not bark, and took a dislike to life.

When they set his food before him, he would not eat.

If he left his kennel, he very soon crept back to it again, and lay there all the day through.

He never went into the garden; it was all dark there.

Bizzy had loved the little man, and could not do without him.

Many kindly people came to him and coaxed him with fond words, and brought him many dainties, but he heeded none of them.

The world had become a grave; they did not bring him back his master.

Bizzy lay lonely and sad, and pined away and died.

Bizzy was dead.

Some folks speak with contempt of a dog.

But dogs have hearts, and, if treated well, become faithful friends.

What kind of a tomb the parents built over the place where the child's body lay I do not know.

Doubtless it was handsome, for they were rich and noble people.

But however costly and rare its marble might be, and however loving the tribute the sculptor engraved in the letters upon it, nothing could surely be so beautiful a tribute to the loving little man as the small green grave, which three weeks after his death they made in his own garden, where they buried his faithful dog.

SOCIAL WRINKLES.—Almost every church now has its young people's association or guild.

These organizations meet for the purpose of doing two things at once—to enjoy social evenings and to get money.

All sort of ingenious devices for getting money are invented.

Among the latest developments in this direction in New York are the soap-bubble parties, where pipes are sold and soapsuds are furnished free. The pipes are ornamented with ribbons or with hand painting.

Another plan is to provide some light and pleasing literary or musical programme, and then to have a lunch, which is provided in this way:—Each lady prepares a basket of lunch for two, and puts her card in it.

These baskets are then sold to the highest bidder, and the gentleman who is the purchaser eats the lunch with the lady whose card he finds in the basket.

Some results of an amusing character are observed, as when a girl's brother pays a high price for her basket.

The arrangement of the baskets affords opportunity for the exercise of a good deal of taste. Among the prettiest baskets at one of these entertainments were common grape baskets.

They were covered with scarlet or pink or blue silesia; the basket was lined and the silesia sewed on around the inside, and then turned over the edge instead of being left in plain folds.

It was shirred in two or three places, and then was brought down and fastened to the bottom of the basket; others were covered plainly, and were trimmed around the edge with the open-work paper that is used for putting on shelves.

This would be turned over in the form of a ruffle. The handles were covered also, and had bows of ribbons tied on either in the centre or at each side.

Japanese paper napkins were used. The lunch varied, but usually consisted of two sandwiches—always of bread not biscuit—some delicious stalks of celery, with salt, two pieces of cake and some fruit—either grapes, apples or pears.

THE BLUE SILK.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

"STUFF and nonsense," said old Mr. Rossitur.

"But papa," then pleaded Louisa, "you used to go to parties, I am sure, when you were young."

Mr. Rossitur was fifty, bald-pated and near-sighted, with a taste for political economy, metaphysics, and the natural sciences.

Louisa was nineteen, blonde and buxom, with bright hazel eyes, a good complexion, and teeth like pearls.

They are not alike, neither do they think alike.

"Very possibly," said Mr. Rossitur. "I was a fool in more respects than one when I was a young man."

"But papa, you never seem to think how stupid it is for me staying at home for ever, and taking care of the children."

"It's a woman's proper place to stay at home and take care of the children," said Mr. Rossitur, taking a pinch of snuff.

Louisa pouted and tossed her head.

"Papa, I do so want to accept Clara Bentley's invitation."

"Accept it, then, if you're set upon the matter," very ungraciously assented her father.

"But I want it distinctly understood that I've no money to spend on lace flounces, feathers, or other ball frippery."

"I have got five pounds that Aunt Myrtilla sent me."

"Five pounds won't buy a ball-dress," chuckled Mr. Rossitur. "At least, it wouldn't when I was a young man."

Louisa said nothing, but proceeded about her daily duties, with a secret resolve maturing itself in her mind.

And later in the day, she told her cousin, Mrs. Staples, what it was.

"I know of such a bargain," said she. "Second-hand, you know, Kate Marvin told me of it.

"A pale blue silk, with a pannier and train, and real Spanish blonde trimmings. There's a little shop down in Main street, where they deal altogether in dresses once worn.

"They want eight pounds for it, but I am almost certain that I can buy it for five, cash down.

"And it is the sweetest thing."

Mrs Staples shook her head.

"I don't believe in second-hand clothes," said she.

"But Kate Marvin says a great many ladies buy their ball dresses in that way."

"Then they must belong to the second-hand gentility," said Mrs. Staples, laughing.

"And if I were you, Lou, I'd stay at home sooner than go in such a toilette as that."

"Nobody is to know but that it was made up expressly for me," argued Louisa.

"You will know it yourself."

"And Mrs. Hyde-Appleton is to be there, and I want to make a good impression in her eyes, so as to get cards for the Thursday evening parties."

"Well, of course, you will do as as you like," said Mrs. Staples.

"But I, for my part, would sooner go in calico, and have it all my own, than satin and velvet that are second-hand."

But all her arguments were thrown away on Louisa Rossitur, who proceeded directly to Main street, and bought the blue silk for five pounds.

"It's altogether too cheap," said the Jewess, behind the counter, "but I have a large stock on hand to dispose of, and I never stand, with a real lady, about a shilling or two."

So Miss Rossitur went to the ball in pale, blue silk, with Spanish blonde trimmings, and a train a yard long.

She expected to enjoy herself very much, but our expectations are not always realized.

The train was torn down by some old gentleman's ruthless boot; the blonde ripped to tatters, and she had the satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Hyde-Appleton remark, sotto voce, to her companion, as she surveyed her through a ponderous eye-glass—

"Why, that's Emily Lourele's blue silk dress! I would know the pattern of that blonde anywhere.

"And how in the world comes Miss Rossitur to be wearing it?"

Poor Louisa.

She would have cried with vexation and disappointment, if tears would have done any good.

And Hubert Dalton, to meet whom she had especially made the efforts, never looked her way all the evening, but flirted to his heart's content with Mrs. Hyde-Appleton's cousin, pretty Celia.

"Well," said Mr. Rossitur, when his daughter came home, at two in the morning—he was smoking and reading in the little room called his study—"have you had a pleasant time?"

"Not very," Louisa responded, spiritlessly.

"Was it worth the five pounds that would have bought a nice warm sacque for Leila, instead of the shabby thin thing she will wear now, all the winter?" asked her father.

Louisa went into tears.

"I never want to go to another ball," said she.

"And I'll cut this blue silk up into dresses for Leila and Fan.

"There is a spot on the side breadth where that clumsy old Brewster spilled a glass of wine, that ruins it for me."

Mr. Rossitur kindly patted her drooping head.

"My dear," said he, "you thought the old father very cross and unsympathetic the other day, but I think you'll come to the conclusion that he knew best, after all.

"Don't fret any more, but let this teach you to be wiser another time."

But alas! this was not destined to be the end of the chapter.

Louisa went to Main street the next day, to get a skein which had not been sent with the other belongings of the blue silk dress, but to her surprise the shop was shut up.

"Haven't you heard, miss?" said a policeman strolling up and down the street, of whom, in her perplexity, Louisa made inquiry.

"They are all down with that terrible scourge, the small-pox.

"Brought it in one of their second-hand packages, and the stock-in-trade was carted away this morning to be destroyed."

Louisa stood pale and petrified, while her thoughts traveled with lightning speed to the blue silk dress at home.

Oh, that she had been wise enough to follow Mrs. Staples' advice, and let the cheap second-hand shop alone.

She went home, with a heart as heavy as lead in her bosom.

"It is too late to confess my indiscretion," said she to herself.

"If—if any harm should come of it, I can only endure it in silence."

But the next day, when little Fan drooped and complained of headache and pains in her back, Louisa's reticence gave way, and she confessed all to the kind family doctor.

"A bad business—a bad business," said he, shaking his head.

"But I am not going to scold you, my dear young lady.

"I can see by your looks that you have suffered enough already."

The blue silk dress was taken away and buried three feet deep, at the end of the garden, and poor Louisa, keeping at the side of one after another of her sick sisters, regretted that she had ever set eyes on it.

Last of all, she herself sank beneath the fell disease, and after weeks of pain and suffering, awoke to the bitter consciousness that her coveted beauty was gone.

Scarred, seamed, hideous to look upon, with not a vestige of the roses and the lilies which had bloomed of old upon her cheeks and lips.

Alas! was life worth having upon these terms?

"I may as well go into a nunnery now," she said half jestingly, the first day she sat up. "My mission in active life seems to be ended."

"How do you mean?" said Dr. Gresham, who was measuring out drops into a tumbler of water.

"Nobody will ever marry such a fright as I am."

"Do you think so?"

"I am certain of it."

"Then, what would you say if I were to ask you to marry me?"

"I should say you were in jest."

"Nothing of the sort," said Dr. Gresham, composedly. "I never regarded myself as a marrying man; but I believe your sweetness and patience in this weary illness have fairly conquered me.

"More than once have I said to myself, 'I should like such a wife as this.' Now don't cry; I shall not urge you against your will."

"But I don't need any urging," said Louisa, with the tears sparkling in her eyes. "If you really think me worthy to be your wife, I shall believe that my mission is yet to be fulfilled."

That was the way they became engaged.

No one ever reproached Louisa Rossitur for the episode of the second-hand dress; but she laid it to heart, nevertheless.

"I will never insist, against the judgment of others, on having my own way again," she thought.

But though the dress brought sickness and misery, it brought also enjoyment and happiness.

"I WISH I WAS A MAN."—How often have we heard the expression "I wish I was a man" coming from the sweet lips of a woman. We have often asked the fair ones why they covet such a boon. Generally their answer have been idle, or at least unsatisfactory. Why any woman, "God's best gift to poor sinful man," should wish to be born again, as if she were not satisfied with her present lot, surpasseth all understanding. Woman is but a little lower than the angel and just above the head of man. So nearly are women allied to the angel that they might be easily mistaken for them had they the adornment of wings.

The rude pleasures of man are often denied her, but this is more than compensated for by the regal position which she holds in the social coterie over the sterner sex. She is queen of hearts, and rules with her magic wand the gift that sways the world and bows humbled man a suppliant at her feet, a slave to adoration. Frail man is the thing of the moment, while the better half is the mother of a race of men. Woman commands respect where even courtesy is denied the man. There is but one thing better than a noble woman, two of her. Man sweats and worries over his arduous daily labor, trying to maintain his family in good circumstances. The trouble to accomplish this not unfrequently costs him alienation of pleasure and health—and even death. How often has he fallen a victim to the fatal drink when failing to secure the comforts to his home that are desired and the family been accustomed to! Heaven bless woman—she is the noblest institution of earth—but let her not wish to be that which, being, would not be the realization of her hopes.

M. S.

WITH EYES OF BLUE.

BY RITA.

Maiden fair with eyes of blue,
Brighter than the morning glory,
Heart so loving, kind and true,
Will you listen to my story?

I have looked the world around,
I have wandered far and nearer,
But I never yet have found
Maiden fairer, sweeter, dearer.

I have crossed the ocean's tide,
I have ransacked town and city,
Seeking far and seeking wide
Maid so fair, so sweet and pretty.

I will leave untried no art
For to win thee with my wooing,
I have come with earnest heart,
Be thou mine, a sweet dove cooing.

I have come with chaste desire,
Quenchless love that burneth ever,
Like the phœnix's fabled fire,
Feeding on itself for ever.

Grant me, then, one priceless boon,
Give thy snow-white hand and prest it
Near my heart, for there is room,
And the god of love will bless it.

Give to me thy trusting heart,
Call me dearest—let me name thee
Aught that's pretty to impart,
Wooing thus, I long to claim thee.

I have been to cottage low,
I have been to lordly palace,
Thither to the northern snow,
Hither through the sunny valleys.

Wearied, worn with fruitless quest,
I have brought to thee the token
Of my earnest love, and best—
Words are poor when loves are spoken.

Love hath language of its own,
Speech is feeble to express it—
Pen of poet hath not shown
Half its beauty, cannot guess it.

ABOUT SNEEZING.

ONE would scarcely expect to find so common and trivial an act as that of sneezing, surrounded, in our own and other countries, by a host of curious superstitious usages, many of which are interesting survivals of primitive times.

Among the savage tribes of Africa, for instance, it is a common notion that kind or hostile spirits make their presence manifest in any particular person by his sneezing.

When the Zulu sneezes, he immediately exclaims:

"I am now blessed. The ancestral spirit is with me; it has come to me. Let me hasten and salute it, for it is it which causes me to sneeze."

The sorcerers, too, are accustomed to sneeze, regarding this act as an indication of the presence of the spirits by whose instrumentality they are supposed to work their magic.

Similar ideas may be traced amongst other races.

The ancient Greeks, in saluting a person, after sneezing, claimed to follow the example of Prometheus, who stole celestial fire to animate the beautiful figure of clay which he had made

As the fire, says the old legend, permeated its frame, it showed signs of life by sneezing, whereupon Prometheus invoked blessings upon it.

It seems scarcely credible to us that the issue of great political and military events should have been forecast by a sneeze. The very numerous instances illustrative of this fact, however, prove that such was the case, two of which we subjoin as specimens.

Thus, many of our readers will recollect how after Xenophon had finished addressing his soldiers, one of them sneezed, whereupon the whole army accepted this as an omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods.

When Themistocles, too, was on a certain occasion offering sacrifice, one of the assistants on his right had sneezed, at which the soothsayer presaged the memorable victory which was soon afterwards obtained by him.

In the "British Apollo" (1709) to the inquiry why people say "God bless you" when any one sneezes, the following answer is given:

"Violent sneezing was once an epidemical and mortal distemper, from whence the custom specified took its rise."

At the present day we find scattered here and there, numerous superstitions relating to sneezing, great importance being attached to the day and the time of sneezing.

Thus, a common rhyme, much quoted by our country folk, various versions of which are found, is the following:

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, and the devil will have dominion over you all the week.

Of course, all the rhymes of this kind are not intended to apply to sneezing produced by cold, or any artificial means, such as snuff taking, otherwise they have no effect whatever.

It has from the earliest times been considered unlucky to sneeze at the commencement of an undertaking; a superstition found even among the Hindoos.

With sailors, sneezing has generally been regarded as an omen for good or bad; and, in days of old, a sneeze on the left side at the moment of embarking was considered too ominous of ill-luck to be disregarded; while a sneeze on the right side was thought to betoken a prosperous voyage.

Among the many fairy tales illustrative of sneezing and its folklore, may be mentioned the story of a young man living with fairies for a year, who took him to fairs and weddings, where, unobserved by human eye, they feasted on the good things spread about.

On one occasion they attended a wedding banquet where there was every kind of cheer in rich profusion. During the feast the bridegroom happened to sneeze, whereupon the young man, in accordance with his usual custom, exclaimed, "God bless you!"

But the fairies were offended at this mention of the sacred name, and warned him against repeating it.

The bridegroom sneezed a second time, and the young man uttered the same words as before, which so enraged the fairies, that they threatened him with punishment if he dared to disobey them again.

No sooner had they thus spoken, than unfortunately the bridegroom sneezed a third time, at which the young man blessed him as before.

Such an act of disrespect was too much for the fairies, so they enacted summary punishment by casting him over a precipice: but by some unaccountable means he reached the bottom unhurt, and, much to the surprise of everybody, returned home after a year's absence.

In these fairy tales and superstitions we have, do doubt, distinct survivals of the primitive belief we have already noticed, which connects the act of sneezing with spiritual agency.

Grains of Gold.

While learning adorns a man, truth ennobles him.

The reproaches of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors.

The charities that soothe, heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men, like flowers.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the sources of most of our afflictions.

Trying to admire that which you do not like accumulates failure, and exhibits weakness.

From the knowledge of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Want of punctuality may be excused in the cook, or even in the host, but never in the guest.

In matter of sentiment there is but one rule—that of rendering the object of your affections happy.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner.

The covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty.

This life is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

There scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

Laughter is as healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is no more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when we know it is the true index of the soul within.

It is unlucky that experience being our best teacher, we have only learned its lessons perfectly when we no longer stand in need of them; and have provided ourselves armor we can never wear.

Femininities.

Waiting for a rise—The young lady who hangs on a strap in a street-car.

Jim comes in with the important information that woman's sphere is a lively mouse.

The man who had a fat woman for his first wife, is now courting a girl called Lena.

A young woman is about to open a cigar-store in New York. No doubt she will have capital to back her.

The Boston girls don't say, "O, get out!" when they are provoked. They request you to "Make your exit."

The mother who is at all times ready to defend her boy, right or wrong, will some day hire a lawyer to help her.

If there is any one thing more contrary than an obstinate woman, it is a right-handed lock on a left-handed door.

This being leap year, girls who take swimming lessons next summer, will be privileged to kick out like a man.

High foreheads for women are again coming into style. We are glad to find that brains are to be fashionable once more.

"Where would we be without woman?" asked a writer. We would be all right; but the little pug dog—where would it be?

There are three terrible diseases now before married men, namely: Spring fever, spring bonnets, and spring house-cleaning.

She—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" He—"Certainly, my dear; I've loved more than a hundred women at first sight."

A Southern editor asserts that angels are all blondes, but blondes are not all angels. It is painfully apparent that his wife is not a brunette.

A lady advertises for sale one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot. She states that, having married, she has no further use for them.

A St. Louis girl married a man on fifteen minutes' acquaintance, because she knew if she waited till she knew him better, she'd never have him.

There is a woman in New York who has not allowed herself to be seen for twenty years. We guess it will be perfectly safe for her to come out now.

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said, "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

Ouida has a keen insight into domestic affairs. She writes: "The longest absence is less perilous to love than the terrible trials of incessant proximity."

If you go on an excursion, and the seats are all taken, stand up as long as you can, and then cry out, "Man overboard!" Every woman will rush for the rail.

"Jones, if burglars should get into your house, what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin now—yes, alas, too late!"

"Uncle, when sis sings in the choir Sunday nights, why does she go behind the organ and taste the tenor's moustache?" "Oh, don't bother me, sonny. I suppose they have to do it to find out if they are in tune."

Over 50,000 clothes-pins are manufactured in this country annually, and yet when a man goes out in the back yard on a wash-day, a clothes-pinless corner of a damp sheet will give him a swipe in the face.

An exchange, speaking of a certain poetess, says she makes good jellies as well as good poetry. We suggest that poets generally go into the jelly-making business, and their contributions will find favor with the newspapers.

Distracted parent—"My daughter has no ear for music, and yet by her constant practice she persists in making herself a nuisance to the family. What would you advise?" Family counsellor—"Marry her into some other family."

"There is one thing about babies," said a recent traveler; "they never change. We have girls of the period, and men of the world, but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

A lady reader writes to say that she has been losing her hair recently, and wants to know what she shall do to prevent it. Either keep your bureau-drawer locked, or else discharge the hired girl, and get another of a different complexion from yours.

The father-in-law of a young man just married, found him purchasing a piano for his bride, and reminded him that she didn't play. "Don't you suppose I know that?" exclaimed the young husband; "if she played, do you suppose I'd get her a piano?"

A little fellow with a tall, stalwart wife, was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "O, I don't mind that," he said, cheerfully, "but since Hannah has grown near-sighted, I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Slowboy?" "Five years." "Five years! Why, you ought to have a wooden wedding." "Have," replied Mrs. Slowboy, glancing across at the meek figure of a man trying to hide behind a newspaper; "had that when I was married."

A gentleman being asked what was the price of ducks, confessed that he could not tell: for he had been out that very day with his wife, and she had purchased no fewer than three ducks. First, she had purchased a duck of a dress; secondly, a duck of a parasol; and thirdly, a duck of a bonnet.

Two gentlemen, while at a party, were eagerly watching a good-looking lady of remarkable presence. "Is she married?" asked one. "I don't know for certain," was the reply, "but I'll bet she is. I overheard her tell a man a few moments ago to stop bothering her; and no woman would talk that way at a party to any one unless it were her husband."

News Notes.

An opossum farm has been started at Hawkinsville, Ga.

There is a street in Key West, Fla., called Grant Bone Alley.

London milkmen and newsboys use tricycles in their daily rounds.

A narrow gauge railroad is being built to the top of Pike's Peak, in Colorado.

An English authority says that "Mr." is absolutely necessary on a visiting card.

Hampton, Va., boasts the oldest church in the country—St. John's, which was built in 1634.

Twenty-two thousand workmen are engaged in the watchmaking industry in Switzerland.

The cattle industry in this country represents over 43,000,000,000 head of cattle, worth $1,500,000,000.

A German inventor is reported as having devised a practical method of hatching eggs by electricity.

Paper spokes for wheels are among the latest appliances made of that article of ever-increasing use.

In France gardening is practically taught, it is said, in more than twenty thousand public schools.

An insurance company to indemnify bicycle riders for injuries received, has been organized in London.

An oak in Barnwell county, S. C., measures 34 1-2 in circumference, eighteen inches above the ground.

An eagle was caught some time ago in Saratoga country, N. Y., in a trap that had been set for a skunk.

A cow belonging to John Hudson, of Sparta, Ga., is said to have been killed by a falling hailstone, recently.

Knox, Ind., is having a good talk over the recent marriage of one of her venerable lads, aged 86, to a girl of 18.

Joseph Fisher, of Craig county, Va., 94 years old, weighs but 80 pounds, is 4 1-2 feet high, and wears boys' boots.

An Oconee, Ga., man has just had taken from one of his legs a minnie ball he had been carrying there for 22 years.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that the taxation of moneys invested in real estate mortgages is illegal.

Gas is sold in London at 70 and 75 cents a thousand feet, and a dividend of 12 1-2 per cent. per annum on $7,000,000 capital is paid.

It is stated that within six months nine white girls of one section of North Carolina have run away with as many negroes.

A Charleston, S. C., paper says that there is a man living in Laurens county, Ga., 74 years old, who is the father of 67 children.

A Londonderry, N. H., wife defeated her husband by six votes as candidate for prudential committee in a recent school meeting.

At the opera house in Napa, California, the other evening, half a bushel of peanut shells were swept up after the performance.

While Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt had his picture gallery open to the public in one day there were 3,300 persons admitted to look at the paintings.

"I have buried six family physicians, and still live," is what Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., said recently to a newspaper man.

Emancipation Proclamation Cogewell is the name of the assistant postmaster at Wesleyville, Ohio. He was born on the day the proclamation was issued.

The newspapers and periodicals now published in this country and Canada number 12,442, an increase of 1,600 in the last year, and of 5,618 in the last decade.

The latest return shows the number of volumes in the British Museum to be over 1,200,000. There are 160 miles of shelves, and about twenty more to be filled.

A Polish woman at Chicopee, Mass., applied for a three years' license to get married, explaining that her husband in the old country was not coming over for three years.

"The Mind Cure" has broken out in Boston. This is a kind of cure that is effected, or essayed, by the concentration of several minds or will powers upon the case in hand.

Teeth-shaping, or denticulation, as the dentists call it, is the latest craze in dentistry. By means of a liquid application the teeth are softened, and pressed into desirable shape.

Dr. Gibbons cites a case of hypochondria in which a farmer imagined his nose to be a bundle of hay. He took great care not to go near a cow or horse, for fear his hay nose might be destroyed.

The worst cold, says The Journal of Health, may be promptly cured in twenty-four hours after it has been taken, if the patient will keep warm in bed and eat little or nothing for a day or two.

A compositor's hand makes in a year of 300 days, each of ten hours' work, 3,600,000 movements in the setting of 12,000 letters each day, and the distance his hand travels at the same time is 1,296 miles a year, or over 4 1-2 miles a day.

In the Garfield school at Centreville, Ia., a boy drew a revolver on his teacher because she proposed whipping him. The young woman not only took away the revolver, but chastised him thoroughly, and then had him taken before a justice, who fined him $5.

The following placard hangs in a Tennessee store window:

Peppermint Te for
Hed ake
Belle "
Tooth"

BURIED ALIVE.

IT is when the glory of summer has departed, and the trees no longer present to the lover of the picturesque the charms of a varied and varying verdure, that the country is imagined to have lost its attractions.

What a revelation it is! To think that every tree is, in itself, a colony teeming with animal life, and that, too, in a form visible enough to those who choose to seek for themselves a view of this ubiquitary vitality.

The galls upon the oak tree yonder are the work of a tiny creature a Cynips, and those curious, woolly-looking excrescences frequently occurring upon the wild rose, when its blossoms have long since drifted away on autumn winds, are also the handiwork of the Cynips.

In both instances the excrescence produced is due to the irritation set up by the introduction of a foreign body between the tissues of the plant.

The gall and bedeguar, as the moss-like growth is termed, contain the larval form of the insect originally making the puncture.

The gall-fly and other cynipidæ all have the peculiarity of uncurved antennæ, those graceful organs that add so much to the appearance and physiology of all insects.

These abnormal features of the vegetable world owe their existence in different plants to different species of flies, and each is characterised by some peculiarity of form or size.

Few observant persons can have strolled beneath the umbrageous canopy of England's oaks with having, at one time or another, seen and wondered at the curious little disks that so commonly affect the underneath side of individual leaves.

These tiny spangles owe ther appearance to a species of gall-fly, and if the spangles are collected during the later months of the year, the insect producing them may be bred from them.

I have heard pheasants are particularly partial to these entomological dainties, and when killed have been found to have their crops full of them.

Small and secure as these little inhabitants would appear, they have, nevertheless, enemies of the most deadly type in a fly called the ichneumon.

This creature is a vampire, depositing its ova in the bodies of the grub which inhabits the oak-apple, and preys upon its luckless victim until the fragile vitality it exhibits is exhausted, when it leaves the wreck it has made to perfect its parasitic career by piercing some other tiny habitation to perpetuate its species.

Leaving the oak tree, and examining the plume-like foliage of a willow, rustling by the water's edge, one may see upon the leaves some bright crimson exuberances that would seem to indicate the presence of a strange influence here.

Tear one open, and you will find, coiled snugly in his cosy retreat, a little grub.

This individual will one day be winging his way across the water-meadows in the form of a saw-fly.

A far more deadly foe to the willow is the huge caterpillar of the goat moth, to whose ravages many a noble tree owes its downfall.

There, for instance, lies one with its shrivelled branches in the stream.

It has been tunnelled in all directions by the excavations of this ugly and by no means sweet-smelling creature.

For three years does this hungry monster dwell in his larval state, and each year he makes a cocoon of gnawed wood, from which he ultimately emerges in the full dignity and enjoyment of a glorious pair of wings.

But what have we here? What is this curious marking on the bramble leaves beneath our feet?

Is that the handiwork of an insect also? Yes, the leaf-miner who has made that wavy track across the middle of the leaf is nothing but a small beetle in its undeveloped condition, and perhaps you may be fortunate enough to find him if you carefully part the outer tissues of the leaf.

That frothy exudation upon the shoots of the hawthorn tree hard by is what country folk call cuckoo-spit, and is frequently to be seen on our rose trees in the garden.

The phenomenon proceeds from a small moth, or, rather, its larva.

By a small moth is not meant a young one, as is very frequently supposed.

People commonly speak of a young fly or a young butterfly in connection with its size.

Winged insects never grow when they have once attained the power of flight, and non-entomological readers would do well to recollect that interesting fact.

Homer is the earliest profane author who speaks of the tides. Cucumbers were brought to England from the Netherlands in 1538. Nitric acid was first obtained by Raymond Lully, an alchemist, in 1287. Scientists says finger nails grow four times as fast as toe-nails. They are more exposed to light and air. The hair is the most indestructible portion of the human body. It has been known to survive 4,000 years in Egypt. Who will wonder at the ravages of slugs and snails after learning that a large slug has 150 rows of teeth, with 180 teeth in each row, which cannot be dissolved when in acid.

For dyspepsia, or any stomach derangement, no other remedy can be found so pleasant, prompt, and effective, as Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"THE GENTLE SPRING."

Now is the time Spring fevers are about,
When one feels aimless, old and sore,
And night-pests, roused from Winter's sleep, march out
In hours still to tap the sleeper's gore,
And thro' the house disorder reigns supreme,
The housewives wield the brush, the mop, and broom,
While angry men, with language sultry, teem
In talk of spots of fires and of gloom.
They worry down a hare and hasty meal,
They skin from home like prisoners set free,
And swear they'd hear with more content th' appeal
Of those who talk ap lightning rods, than be
Compelled to face the siege but for a day
Where that dread foe, house-cleaning, holds the fort.
Now in the field see youthful limbs at play,
The base-ball fever reigns—they deem it sport—
In broken thumbs and sprains they dearly pay.
Our overcoats we e'en must cast aside,
And threadbare garments underneath expose;
The tender babies in their coaches ride,
And add their share to crowded sidewalk woes!
'Neath April rays the dudelet and the dude
Don bonnet new and shining silken tile,
Anon to wail, for fickle skies delude,
And on their heads moist cloudy contents pail.
The chickens scratch the fresh-dug garden plot,
Like weather-glass the hopes of farmers range!
The peach-buds, corn and wheat have gone to pot,
Jack Frost and Probs work out a solemn change;
The poor pet birdie tunes a sprightly note,
By open window, where the sunbeams play,
Too soon to need red flannel round its throat,
The freezing blasts choke off its merry lay.

Yet these and kindred woes, no poets sing,
Are what, in fact, make up the "gentle Spring."
—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

When is the heart like a watchman? When it confines itself to its regular beat.

A convention of barbers was broken up because one man said he had a razorlution he desired to offer.

Bony formation and other forms of Heart Disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. At druggists.

Why do lovers indulge in romantic evening rambles? Because there is a great deal of moonshine in it.

What is the difference between a butcher and a flirt? The former kills to dress, and the latter dresses to kill.

The difference between snuff and plug tobacco is, that snuff causes a sneeze, while the plug makes a-chew.

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

What is the difference between a milch cow and a rickety chair? The one gives milk, and the other gives whey.

Why is it unpleasant to be in company with certain people? Because they are like sandwiches—only half bred.

Ashes of roses complexion is the latest correct idea. It can be obtained by early morning exercise with a coal sieve.

Bones, why do you always eat your sister's share of the cake and pie? My mother taught me always to take her part.

A lamp need not be heavy; but, should it prove so, it is only necessary to twist up a piece of paper to make a lamp-lighter.

An exchange says mush has become a popular dish in society. Nothing seems to take in society like something soft.

A forward young man at a ball sought to engage a lady two sets ahead; but she excused herself, and he got one set back.

What way must a wife adopt who wishes to keep a husband at home? Send him up on the roof and take away the ladder.

A barber, about to be hanged, said: "Neekut!" And then the trap-door fell. Those present considered it a great choke.

Spasms of the heart and other forms of Heart Disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Druggists.

Why is a tallow chandler a bad, and, at the same time, a most unfortunate man? Because his works are all wicked, and all his wicked works will come to light at last.

A forest fire in British Columbia exploded a powder-mill. Every pane of glass in a village near by was broken, and everybody exclaimed: "Why, have the schools opened again?"

A Good Answer.

Bob Ingersoll has been asking the question: "What shall we do to be saved?" Now this is a very peculiar question, and cannot well be answered without first inquiring: "What's the matter?" Have you had bad luck? or what are you suffering with? Probably he refers to the remarkable winter we have experienced, and he is suffering with a severe cold. If the latter should be the case, we would refer him to the Rev. Mr. N. B. Grubb, of Schwenksville, Pa., who wrote us the following, a few days ago: "It is now nearly two years since I commenced to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family, and I feel frank to say that it saved me many dollars for doctor bills. Our big and little children take it, and it never failed to give relief and effect a cure. For croup it cannot be overvalued. I have never been backward in recommending it to my friends and neighbors."

THE extensive and well-known advertising firm of Phillips & Co., N. Y., have been required by the great increase of their trade to remove from their former establishment in the New York *Times* building to new and more commodious offices at 20 Park Row, opposite the General Postoffice. Phillips & Co., from their high standing, just business methods, and care in looking after the best interests of those dealing with them, deservedly stand in the front rank of general advertising agents, and we are glad to notice this last evidence of their increasing prosperity.

The Old and the New.

There was a time when the medical faculty, in dealing with their patients, appeared to act upon the "kill or cure" principle. The most powerful drugs and the most heroic drugs were employed, and, if the patient escaped death from disease, he stood a capital chance of dying from drugs. So it was often an open question whether a patient should die of disease or be killed by the doctor. To physic, vomit and salivate were mild remedies, while physicians thought nothing was being done unless the head was made to swim, the back to ache, the stomach and liver to rebel against natural diet. But times have changed, and with them the opinions and practices of physicians and people. Coughs, Colds, and Bronchitis are now cured by Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics Nos. 1 and 7, and not only Coughs and Colds, but diseases of a far graver nature, like Pneumonia and Chronic Lung Diseases, or Consumption, are also arrested. Dyspepsia, with its kindred attendants of Indigestion, Weak Stomach, Low Spirits and Constipation, is the bane of life to many; but Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 10 is mild, pleasant and agreeable, and has cured its thousands. Try it. So of Catarrh, of Rheumatism, of Croup, or Headache. Each has its Specific and its cure.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

These Corsets are recognized in Europe and America as the standard of style, workmanship and general excellence. The Coraline with which they are boned is superior to whalebone in both durability and comfort. **Price, from $1 up.**
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.
Avoid all imitations. Be sure that our name is on the box.
WARNER BROS.,
363 BROADWAY. NEW YORK.

Dr. O. Phelps Brown's
RENOVATING PILLS.
(PURELY HERBAL).

Gentle, Effective, Do not gripe or Cause Pain.

A positive cure for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, etc., etc.
Most pills after first effects leave the bowels worse than before, but these Pills *permanently regulate the entire system.*
Dr. O. P. Brown's Herbal Ointment, a positive cure for Skin Diseases, Swellings, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Wounds of all kinds, Barbers Itch, Lame or Weak Back, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sore Eyes, and all diseases which can be reached externally. 25 & 50 Cents per pot.
Dr. O. Phelps Brown's Male Fern Vermifuge will expel worms from children in five hours, and cure the worst case of Tape Worm. children like to take it, as it is pleasant to the taste. Price 50 cents per bottle.
For sale by Druggists. Office and Laboratory, 45 & 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. Send for Illustrated Annual Shakespearian Almanac.

150 Strawberries Only $1.00
25 plants each of Wilson, Crescent, Cumberland, Bidwell, Downing, and Sharpless; each kind labeled and tied separate, book telling how to grow all kinds of Fruits, Flowers, etc.; also how to destroy all insects that trouble them, sent free with every order. Book sent by mail, postage paid, without plants, for 25 cents. E. W. WELD, Nurseryman, Jamestown, N. Y.

LADIES
PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars* 2 cts.
Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 220 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND AGUE.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.
ACHES AND PAINS.
For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
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New Publications.

Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York have just issued in cheap paper form E. P. Roe's famous story "The opening of a Chestnut Burr." Besides the excellent print and paper considering the low price of the work, it is embellished with twenty splendid full-page illustrations, drawings by H. W. McVicker.

MAGAZINES.

The American edition of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is particularly good, for May, in prose, poetry and miscellaneous matter. There is a most judicious mixing of the useful with the pleasant, and there are so many kinds of good matter and so much of each that all tastes are sure to be satisfied. There are home departments full of valuable hints any one of which is well worth the price of the book in itself. Price 15 cents per number. Published at 739 Broadway, New York.

That our naturalization laws are defective in many respects is notorious, and the demand for their revision will no doubt acquire added force from the publication of an article by Justice William Strong upon that subject in the *North American Review* for May. In the same number of the Review, Edwin P. Whipple offers a candid judgmen of Matthew Arnold, as a thinker and as a man of letters. Richard A. Proctor, under the title of A Zone of Worlds, writes of the vast multitude of the pigmy kindred of the earth, known as the asteroids. In The Railway and the State, Garrit L. Lansing essays to prove that the multiplication and extension of railroad lines, and the establishment of low rates of transportation are hindered rather than helped by governmental interference. Prof Henry F. Osborn, of Princeton College, has a highly interesting article on Illusions of Memory. Helen Kendrick Johnson contributes an essay on The Meaning of Song. Finally, there is a joint discussion of Workingmen's Grievances, by William Goodwin Moody and Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, of Havard University. The North American Review, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from S. T. Gordon & Son, music publishers, New York, the words and music of the pleasing ballads: Papa's Baby Boy, price 40 cents; Good Lord 'll Help Me on My Way, 35 cents; and We'll Meet in de Light of de Moon, 35 cents; all by Will H. Bray. My Schoolday Kiss, by the same composer, is a pretty song with a decidedly sweet melody, price 35 cents. Also, Les Sirenes Waltzes, 30 cents; Barcarolle Waltzes, 30 cents; and Dolores Waltzes at 30 cents; all by E. Mack. Coquetry, a charming ballad, by Adam Geibel, to be had for 30 cents; One Kiss More, by F. Thomas, price 30 cents; Melody, a beautiful instrumental piece by C. W. Link marked at 25 cents; and the two piano solos, Echo des Alpes, for 40 cents; and The Creole Beauty, also for 40 cents, by Fred T. Baker. The last-named piece is very pretty, for rather advanced performers.

A CARD.

We regret that we were obliged to return the money sent for Dr. Lutze's Specific for Women, in many instances, because an unexpectedly large demand exhausted our supply of the remedy. With increased facilities for meeting the want, all over the country, for this wonderful gynecian medicine, we hope to be able to fill all orders in the future. Sent by mail on receipt of $2. Address BOWEN, LUTZE & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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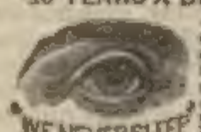

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Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
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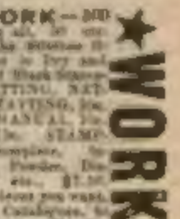

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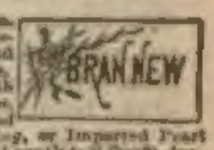

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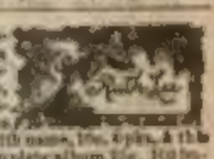

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

STRANGE rumors have been breaking out of late from certain Paris modistes. They are rumors concerning the revival—at how near a date is not stated—of nothing more nor less than round, full, plain skirts, devoid of drapery and absolutely free from the sustaining services of any tournure underneath, gathered to the belt, and worn with a sash, and, naturally, with the round basqueless waist, "a la vierge," which forms the adequate accompaniment of the style of dress mentioned; in short, a return to some thing very similar to the costume we may still admire in ancient "birthday books" and the like, arraying the languishing forms of damsels with corkscrew ringlets, seated twanging a harp with taper fingers.

These tidings come to us directly, and we give them to our readers to be, as usual, in advance of other sources of information in regard to these matters.

But we are bound to confess, at the same time, that no examples of this fashion of the future, exhumed and resurrected from the past, have, as yet become prominent. With all the weddings in anticipation for after Easter, and the number of trousseaux in course of preparation, attention is called extensively to wrappers, "negligés," morning-gowns, matinees.

More coquetry is lavished upon these articles of apparel, perhaps than upon any other portion of a wedding outfit.

By the way, "Punch" is the rather fanciful title bestowed on the very latest variety of the innumerable shades of blue-grey London smoke, and so called, we presume, or its supposed resemblance to the color of the perfumed steam, curling upwards into space from out the flowing bowl.

Be this as it may, it is really effective; its satin ground, thickly covered with parti-colored tufts of velvet—bronze and pale pink, claret, and fawn, or other pretty mixtures.

With other things other considerations have weight—usefulness, elegance, relative wearing qualities, degrees of fashionableness; but in these cases coquetry is the main point.

A woman in a wraper is enfranchised from the conventionalities of life and dress.

She can look just as charming and as picturesque as she is minded to—or as she can succeed in looking—without being taxed with affectation or eccentricity.

Her imaginativeness or inventive power, with regard to dress, can for once have free scope.

The result is usually delightful. Probably honeymoons would not be such pleasant institutions by half were it not for the ideal wrappers and matinees that form part of the trousseau.

Most of the wrappers this Spring still keep the Mother Hubbard shape.

The square yoke is sometimes shirred.

Sometimes it is covered with elaborate embroidery and lace.

One exquisite Mother Hubbard morning-gown of ivory-white cashmere, with bows of white satin ribbon down the front, has the yoke embroidered in a close palm-leaf design with colored silks in dull cashmere-shawl tints.

The centres of the leaves are made of appliques of dull-red cashmere.

The sleeves have deep embroidered cuffs to match.

Another Mother Hubbard is of pale rose-colored surah.

It has a little pleated flounce around the foot.

Down the front a jabot of broad Pompadour lace mixed with knots of ribbon, square shirred yoke, deep round collarette of lace falling from the neck, full sleeves drawn in above the waist with a strap and bow of ribbon, and frills of lace.

Broad pink satin ribbon placed loosely about the wrist and tied, with streaming ends, on the left side.

A third wrapper of a different style is of pale-green foulard sprigged with rosebuds. It has a very long, rather pointed, train and is crenellated all around, the squares falling over ruffles of white lace that peep out between.

The front has a jabot of Oriental lace and bows of the palest green ribbon.

The sleeves are trimmed to match. Speaking of foulards, we saw a particularly effective dress recently made of a piece with a black ground upon which were large peonies in the most vivid tints.

The skirt was of this material, plain of course.

The basque, small panier draperies, and long, full "pouf" in the back were of plain black foulard.

The neck was cut square, with revers of the flowered foulard.

Black Spanish lace in the elbow sleeves.

A few other things turned out of good establishments within the week: Walking dresses of iron-gray lady's-cloth, of light weight; rounded tablier draped very high on the left side under long buckle of smoked pearl; basque very short over the hips, postilion back, pointed front; plastron of iron-gray satin, brocaded with velvet figures of a deeper gray; skirt of the brocaded velvet with passementerie and jet ornaments falling in a glittering shower down the back and over the front, shoulders very high, this to be worn with the gray costume described; the bonnet being gray satin covered with a basket-work of jet, and having gray strings and full aigrettes and tips of gray in front.

Costume of bronze satin merveilleux; bouffant in front to the knees around edge of skirt flounce of striped bronze and Suede satin, said flounce laid in triple box-plaits; basque with bouffant vest of the stripe, shirred and narrowing to a point at the waist.

Simple costume, for the morning, of very fine black and white checked wool goods; skirt finished with a deep border of black velvet; overdress very much bunched about the hips with rosettes of black velvet; short waist, full over the bust; high girdle of velvet, pointed back and front; More dressy—black and white checked silk; skirt kilted, with three rows of black velvet on edge; full draperies; to be worn sometimes with a plain pointed bodice of black velvet, sometimes with a jersey embroidered with black and white chenille, finished with deep fringe of the same.

Basque of black faille with a vest covered with close crosswise row of very narrow gold galloon; this may be worn with different black skirts.

Costume of black faille, with skirt laid in flat box-plaits on front and sides; large jet and passementerie leaves applique at the irregular intervals all over the same; basque with plaited plastron and smaller appliques down either side.

Carriage costume of sapphire blue satin merveilleux and red satin brocaded with large blue crescents.

Skirt plain of the brocade, plain satin overdress draped very high, satin waist with diagonal drapery of the brocaded satin passing from right side of standing collar to left hip, and disappearing under-folds of tunic; short mantle of plain satin, sleeves of the brocade.

Dinner dress of black jetted net over crimson satin and chantilly.

Demi-trained skirt of black satin covered with flounces of Chantilly; tablier and basque of crimson satin under beaded net Some short mantles also call for mention.

One of black ottoman covered with beaded sheaves of wheat; trimmings of Spanish lace four rows deep.

Another of black satin merveilleux trimmed with a deep passementerie and fringe of jet mixed with gold acorns; all this mixed with Spanish lace in profusion.

A very short visite of brown satin brocaded with small blue flowers and finished with blue and brown feather trimmings. Another of black velvet brocaded grenadine over satin; the entire of the velvet figure is red; trimmings black Spanish lace and knots of black satin on front lined with red.

Colored silk grenadines with velvet brocaded figures are among the most decided of the season's novelties.

One piece, for example, will have a "crushed raspberry" ground and leaves of black velvet at quite wide intervals apart, another will be pale blue with a dark green velvet leaf or flower.

Good use will be made of these new fabrics by the fashionable dressmakers for watering-place toilettes.

It is a queer freak of fashion that while black Spanish lace as a dress trimming continues as popular as ever white Spanish lace for the same purpose has been quite set aside.

Fireside Chat.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GERMAN COOKERY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

IN Germany beef is served every day at dinner, sometimes boiled, sometimes stewed or roasted.

I have a recipe out of a German book for beef in the English way; the author recommends it as being a very good dish.

I have never tried it, and do not think it would be a success, but I will give it to my readers as a curosity.

I do not suppose they have ever tasted "Beef in the English way." Take twelve pounds of beef, beat it well, and keep it many days in a cold place covered with chopped parsley, lemon-peel, shalots, cloves, salt and pepor; rub the beef every day with the mixture, sticking a sharp knife through it in different places.

When it has been long enough in the pickle, cover it with buttered paper, and roast it before the fire, basting it well with its own fat.

Germans excel in puddings—"Mehlspeisen." When I am in Germany I invariably order one for supper.

Not only are the puddings good, but the sauce which is put over them is delicious. I will give a recipe, and I hope some of the readers of THE POST will try it. It is called—

Sago Auflauf.—Wash half a pound of sago three times in boiling water, then boil it in milk till it is quite soft and the milk quite thick, then let it cool; beat the yolks of ten eggs, with a quarter of a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar that has been rubbed on a lemon, and then pounded; add the sago; then beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the sago, put into a buttered mould, bake slowly.

When done it may be served as it is, or turned out gently and the following sauce poured over it.

Wine Sauce.—Mix half a tumbler of white wine with the yolks of four eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; whisk briskly in a saucepan until it thickens. If boiled it is spoilt.

German recipes are generally for rather large dishes; half the quantities, both for pudding and sauce, would be quite sufficient for an ordinary dish.

These "Mehlspeisen" are more extravagant here than in Germany, where eggs are much more plentiful.

A German pastor whose family consists of himself, his wife, and one servant, told me that he received four hundred eggs a year from his parishioners, that he kept fowls himself, and, in addition, he generally bought about eight hundred more eggs each year.

The greater part of his stipend, which is very small, he receives in produce, and he said that in the summer, when eggs were cheap, they lived on them principally with the produce of their garden and dairy.

The Germans preserve eggs in various ways.

In most German hotels so many French dishes are served than I have often heard people remark that "much of the cooking was very like French cooking."

The real German cookery I do not think at all like French cookery, nor do I think my readers will, if they take the recipes I shall give them and the bills of fare as fair examples of the dishes usually served.

I may here mention that nearly all the recipes given in this paper are from the notes of the proprietor of a large hotel on the Rhine.

I do not think any of them have ever been translated before.

In most cases the proportions are given. Should our girls ever try to cook from foreign cookery-books, they will find a little general knowledge of cooking most useful, as the writers so rarely give the quantities, except in the way of saying a handful or three kreuzers' (coins) worth of anything.

I have a German cookery-book, which is quite useless on this account. In one recipe you are told to take a "basketful;" in another a mark's worth.

Where prices are so different this sort of measurement is difficult to work from.

The Germans make very good cakes.

They use sour cream a great deal both in soups, cakes, and other things.

Cinnamon sugar, too, is much used; it is made by pounding white sugar and cinnamon together, and then sifting.

There is a cake called Sand kucken that is eaten a great deal; it is a sort of sponge cake with butter in it.

Cakes are made often with fresh fruit in them.

I do not think them at all nice; the juice from the fruit spoils them.

Numberless cakes are made with yeast. I will give you a recipe for making little rolls to eat with coffee. They are called—

Kaffee-Brodchen.—Take two pounds of sifted flour, put it in a dish, make a hole in the middle, put in two tablespoonfuls of yeast and some warm milk, make into a rather stiff paste; when it is risen, beat half a pound of butter, put it on the dough, break four eggs in one after the other, and half a pound of sifted sugar that has been rubbed on a lemon rind, some warm milk and two more tablespoonfuls of yeast; knead all well together, make into little loaves, flour a baking sheet put the rolls on it, place in a warm place for an hour or two to rise.

When well risen, brush over with yolk of eggs, and bake.

Soup is always served at a German dinner, and "Pastetchen" are frequently served after it.

I give a recipe for—

Pastete of Raw Ham.—Take half a pound of raw ham, take off the rind, chop the ham, with two ounces of kidney suet, very fine. Take the crumb of a roll, soften it in milk. Chop six shalots and three sprigs of parsley, and put them into half an ounce of hot butter, then add the soaked bread with one egg, the ham and a little nutmeg; mix all together, then put in a mortar pound as fine as possible, put in saucepan, make hot, fill some ready baked patty cases with the mixture, and serve.

The pat y cases for "Pastetchen" should be rich, and light pastry made with an egg in it.

The following is a bill of fare for a German dinner, and, after it, is one for a supper. I will give the recipes of the different dishes that have not already been given:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

A. C.—"Benedict," a married man, is from the Latin "Benedictus," a happy man. The term was used before the days of Shakespeare, who undoubtedly had it in mind when he created his character of Benedick.

PARS.—Lisping—that is, where th is sounded for the s—is easily cured. You must not permit the tongue to touch the teeth, and you will pronounce s correctly by touching the palate with the tip of the tongue. It will give you some trouble at first to overcome the habit, but persevere.

RON. MCC.—There is neither legal nor Scriptural objection to your marrying your "mother's daughter's daughter." Marriages between first cousins are legal, and the principal objection to them is one based upon observations as to the mental and bodily health of the offspring of such marriages.

READER.—It is very important that law students should understand how our system of law has grown up, and such knowledge can only be thoroughly acquired by a knowledge of Roman Law, on which so much of our own law is based. There is a remarkable identity in many of the leading principles of ancient and modern law, but the subject is too extensive to be entered upon here.

ROWENA.—"The Bridge of Sighs" was written by Thomas Hood, and originally published in *Punch*. It is a lyric poem, and commences:—

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"

Hood was born in 1798, and died in 1845.

FABIAN.—A bridegroom generally selects his brother, or some very intimate friend, to act as best man at his wedding, and, as such, the latter is expected to accompany the bridegroom to the church, to support him at the altar, and to take upon himself the duty of dispensing the fees. If the health of the bridesmaids be proposed at the wedding-breakfast, the duty of responding devolves also upon him.

TWO.—Your own feelings must be your best guide. Polite recognition of the attention is sufficient. There is no harm in exchanging greetings with a gentleman in the same class as yourselves, and no gentleman will press any attention on you if you give him to understand it is unwelcome. If he wish for your acquaintance, and your parents do not object, he will soon find an introducer. But in any case do not be underhanded in the matter.

ANNIE B.—Grease may be removed from all cotton, linen, and woolen materials by washing with hot water and soap. When this process is impracticable, as in the case of carpets, etc., the use of turpentine or benzine has been found to be very effectual. The greased part should be rubbed with a piece of clean flannel, which has been dipped in the preparation. The rubbing process should commence from the outer edge of the soiled spot, and be worked inwards.

PHILA.—The early English chancellors were priests, and out of their supposed moral control of the king's mind grew the idea of an equity court in contradistinction to the law courts. A bill in chancery is a petition, through the Lord Chancellor, to the king's conscience for remedy in matters for which the king's common law courts afford no redress. The keeper of the king's conscience is, therefore, now the officer who presides in the Court of Chancery.

TYRO.—You have a certain amount of imagination, you have a great deal to learn in the art of writing for the press—that experience only will teach you. If a short tale has good points in it, we do not mind the trouble of editing it; but if we were to undertake such a task with a long one, it would cost us more than we should have to pay a writer who thoroughly understood what was required. Amateur authors are generally too diffuse—they amplify and use twenty words where half a dozen will answer the purpose.

L. B. L.—No, certainly not. Do not regard yourself as doomed because your parents died of consumption. Try to strengthen your general health and your lungs by wise measures, which will be adapted to your case by any good physician, after special examination. It is useless to give broad directions. They may mislead you and do harm. Get a practised medical adviser to go carefully into the "physical signs," and tell you what to do and what to avoid. Do not wait until you are ill, but take guidance now. Prevention is better than cure.

DAVE.—Damon and Pythias were two Pythagorean philosophers. Damon was condemned to death about 357 B.C., by Dionysius of Syracuse, but obtained leave to go and settle some of his domestic affairs, promising to return at the time appointed for his execution, Pythias becoming his surety. Damon was delayed on his return; and as he did not appear at the appointed time, Pythias surrendered and was led to execution. At this critical moment Damon returned. Dionysius remitted the sentence, and desired to share their friendship. The names Damon and Pythias are often applied to any two intimate friends.

NOVICE.—Many devices have been employed for assisting the memory as to dates, numbers and facts. These may all be included under the general name of Mnemonics. Many of the systems in common use have been found of great service by those who employ them. Besides these, there are innumerable occasional devices for aiding the recollection, which, though incapable of being reduced to a system, frequently answer the purpose intended. Memory, like every other faculty, needs to be cultivated. It may either be very much developed by practice, or be seriously impaired by the want of it. You should not, therefore, indulge too freely in the habit of committing everything to paper.

BOOD.—Juggernaut, or "Lord of the World," one of the incarnations of Krishna, is an idol formed of black stone in the shape somewhat of a pyramid. Two costly diamonds represent the eyes; the nose and mouth are painted vermillion. It is stated that one million two hundred thousand pilgrims visit the god annually. Formerly some were crushed by the wheels of the car—some so recently as August, 1804. A great many pilgrims never returned and to the distance of fifty miles the way was strewn with human bones. The Temple of Juggernaut has existed about 800 years. The State allowance to the temple was suspended by the Indian Government in June, 1851. The festival was kept June, 1872. Twelve persons were said to be killed by accident August, 1873. It was reported that the festival of 1879 was a failure.